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THE METCALF-CALL READERS

A FOURTH READER

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How the Mill Turns and the Cabbages Grow

Illustration for "Mr. Wind and Madam Rain"
See Page 262

The Metcalf-Call Readers

A
FOURTH READER

BY

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HARTFORD, CONN.

AND

ROBERT C. METCALF, LITT.D.

THOMPSON BROWN COMPANY
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INTRODUCTION

Aim of this Series. — The authors believe that schools should place more emphasis upon animated, expressive oral reading. Teachers are doing more today toward the cultivation of an appetite for good literature and the establishment of a reading habit among children than ever before. All this is a splendid work. But a greater emphasis upon interpretative oral expression is now needed.

The Relation of Reading to English Speech. — So much has been said of late years about "reading for the thought" that the beauty and the value of good oral reading have, in too large a measure, been lost sight of. When we recognize the fact that good English will never become a habit of ordinary speech until it sounds well to the ear of the speaker, it must be granted that the main purpose of a teacher of reading is to attune the ears of his pupils to the melody of English undefiled. The most effective means at his command in the schoolroom is the daily exercise in oral reading. The reading matter must, of course, be models of good English. This, however, does not mean that the makers of school readers must avoid all idioms, abbreviated forms, or ordinary colloquial expressions. It does mean that the selections offered in the readers for the pupils' training should be from the best literature available, provided such literature lends itself readily to training in oral reading. The reading material must be such as will arouse the interest of pupils, such as will require a very considerable degree of flexibility of voice to interpret correctly the thought and feeling of the author. In short, good oral reading in the schoolroom leads to good oral reading in the homes and elsewhere. When English that is read sounds well to the ears of those who listen, then good English tends to become the habit of the speech in a community. Our special plea, therefore, is for animated, expressive oral reading in the schools as a means of improving the English of our boys and girls. To that end the reading matter in this series of books has been prepared.

The Subject-Matter of this Series. — The child is educated along three lines of his nature, — his imitations, his interests, and his will. In this book the authors have aimed to present selections which appeal to all three of these phases of child development.

The selections have been tested in many high grade schools and have been endorsed by many practical teachers. The series is a departure from the modern "information readers" so called, but the information in these books is believed to be emphatically vital. Teachers will recognize the rich and various ethical content throughout. The emotional tone is emphasized more than is common among modern readers, the feelings of the child being appealed to constantly.

The Question of Methods. — The fundamental principle in the teaching of reading is that good oral reading depends first, last, and always upon right intellectual and emotional appreciation. Our fundamental aim, therefore, is to furnish a series of readers with an intellectual and emotional content best adapted to animated, expressive oral reading. But besides this the authors have tried to suggest to the teacher the methods and principles which will assist most in accomplishing this aim.

General Characteristics of Right Oral Reading. — Reading is first thought and emotion getting, then thought and emotion giving. Good oral reading is distinguished from poor, as all genuine art is from mere imitation; it appeals to our thought and feeling, it is beautiful in form.

The proper teaching of reading is a process of leading the child's imitations, interests, and initiatives to an appropriate expression. In other words, the child must have models of good reading. He must positively wish to read. He must read. No one of these by itself is enough. No two will suffice. While it is easy to overdo the imitative feature, all three of these are vital to the teaching of expressive oral reading.

Good oral reading will be distinctly audible to the hearer, perfectly understood, and genuinely felt by him.

Fundamental Principles. — The qualities of good oral reading, even at the very beginning, are intelligent appreciation, freedom, animation, clearness, distinctness, musical modulation, vitality, repose, and pleasure for both reader and hearer. It is the reading with these qualities that ends in improved habits of daily speech.

Simply to "hear a reading lesson" is not teaching reading. Teachers should know the rules of right oral reading; but the qualities of right oral reading cannot be taught to children by means of rules. The approach must be by way of the child's thought and feeling. There must first be a fully aroused interest in the thought and situation before the pupil will evince any of these prime qualities.

Much is written about time, pitch, quality, force, volume, inflection, and the like. These are all very important. Teachers should know fully the significance of these words. Pupils of this grade, however, need never hear them. When the child appreciates the weight and value of the thought and feeling, analyzes the thought properly, feels the melody and tune of a situation, expression will generally take care of itself.

All difficulties of construction — pronunciation, meaning, and the like — must be cleared away before a passage can be felt by the pupil. A child struggling with a pronunciation is far removed from the pleasure and animation of oral reading. To remove all difficulties in the way of thought and feeling is the important first step in the teaching of oral reading.

Much depends upon the habitual quality of the teacher's voice. The teacher's reading is of great influence. There will be no warmth nor color in the reading of the pupils if there is neither warmth nor color in the teacher's reading. Evidence of feeling by the teacher begets feeling in the pupil.

The child's reading should be a process of getting, holding, and imparting the thought and feeling. The emphasis should be upon quality rather than quantity. He should come to the printed page as to the feet of a storyteller. The teacher should develop thought and feeling as he would develop any other mental condition. The selection should first be known and felt as a whole.

Where the content is not clear the intellectual and emotional paraphrase will be of help.

The teacher should lead the pupils to group the words in pictures, to refer to these groupings as pictures, and to see these pictures ahead of the reading. The reader should always think out toward the hearer.

Dialogue reading is an excellent means of overcoming difficulties with expression. Teachers should dramatize selections for the pupils. Indeed, pupils like to dramatize for themselves. Let the impersonation be as real as possible, let it appeal to the pupil's personal sense of appropriateness, that his expression may fit the feeling, be it surprise, joy, anger, sorrow, or other emotion.

Special drills for their own sake are wasteful and generally useless. It is quite as absurd to tell pupils to read rapidly or to read slowly as it is to teach them that they should pause at commas and let their voices fall at every period. Time in reading is a matter of intellectual and emotional appreciation. The punctuation marks observed in good oral reading are invisible and psychical. Right impressions take naturally their right forms of expression. Teachers should rarely call the attention of their children to the techniques of reading. Special exercises for the development of technique are dangerous, especially in the lower grades.

It must be granted, however, that expressive oral reading is often promoted by the "reading match," with its appeal to friendly rivalry; by individual and concert drills upon the different sounds, even to the point of exaggeration, especially upon the endings t, d, g, k, s; by distance reading for radiation; by whisper reading for articulation; by phonic drills; by exercises in alliterative series, and by concert drills with changes of pitch, force, and time.

Pupils may often be allowed to select their positions before reading. This conscious attempt to face the greatest number and to adjust the distance best fitted to enable the listeners to hear and to feel the story is productive of much good.

Oral reading is an art almost worthy of being classed with the fine arts. The pupil, when reading, should feel that he has a message to convey, or a story to tell to some interested listener. His eyes should rest upon his audience, the book being consulted only when necessary to gather the words of the author. A good oral reader looks at his book but little, at his hearers much.

Other hints may be suggested as follows:

(1) Pursue a definite aim in each lesson.
(2) Drill pupils to see the words ahead of their reading.
(3) Treat lessons orally before the reading exercise.
(4) Question with perfect definiteness.
(5) Seek continually the author's motive.
(6) Draw upon as many side-lights as possible for help and illumination.
(7) Teach pupils how to study a reading lesson.

(8) Assign lessons with the purpose clearly defined.
(9) Memorize the select passages in the light of the context.
(10) Provide variety in the reading lesson at all hazards.

How to Stand. — Before the pupil enters upon the practice of the following breathing exercises and vocal drills, and while taking them, an erect and elastic standing position should be insisted upon. The weight of the body should rest upon the balls of the feet. The feet should be parallel. From the crown of the head, well lifted, the line of gravity should fall to the balls of the feet. The ear, point of shoulder, and point of hip should be in line. The ribs should be well lifted, the arm allowed to hang easily at the side; the back should be erect and not thrown forward at the waist line.

After a good standing position has been secured by obedience to the directions given above, relief from the constraint of long continuance of the weight upon both feet may be secured by taking a half step forward with either foot without changing the position of the other. The chest should be carried forward of the abdomen, the body erect over the strong foot, the chin drawn in slightly, the head easily poised. The position should be light, buoyant, and easy.

A constant sense of easy balance may be developed through simple poising exercises.

Exercises for Securing Breath Control. — 1. Stand erect, weight on the balls of the feet; exhale strongly, emptying the lungs as completely as possible; then inhale slowly through the nostrils; hold breath a second; exhale through nostrils slowly.

2. Stand erect, exhale, then inhale quickly through the nostrils, filling the lungs as completely as possible; hold breath a second; exhale very slowly through the nostrils. Vary the exercise by inhaling slowly and exhaling rapidly.

3. Stand erect, exhale, then extend both arms horizontally forward, palms of hands up as if extended to receive something; sweep arms outward and upward suddenly until the arms are extended vertically above the head, thus raising the ribs and chest and expanding fully the entire circle of waist, and at the same time inhale rapidly and vigorously; hold breath a second; exhale slowly through the nostrils, allowing the arms to sweep downward and outward in measured time until the hands hang normally at the sides.

4. Stand erect, exhale, then inflate the chest rapidly as in Exercise 3, and then, placing the lips as if holding a tube or quill, exhale slowly through the mouth. Vary the exercise by inhaling slowly through this imaginary quill and then exhale gently through the nostrils.

5. Stand erect, exhale, then inhale deeply and fully through the nostrils; hold breath five seconds, and exhale suddenly and abruptly through nostrils and mouth.

In all of these exercises it will be observed that an erect standing position is insisted upon. The chest should always be held well in advance of the abdomen. All the muscles around the waist and abdomen should be used powerfully and vigorously in exhalation as well as in inhalation. Special emphasis should be laid upon this point. It will also be observed that the pupil is directed in these exercises to exhale and empty the lungs as far as possible of air, thus creating an immediate demand for air and promoting deep and vigorous inhalation. The shoulders should be kept still, except in Exercise 3.

Exercises in Articulation. — Give drills in the following words, which contain nearly all the sounds in English speech: Ale, arm, air, all, ask, at, awl, eve, end, err, her, heard, isle, ill, old, bought, do, son, use, pull, oil, boy, or, out, owl, bob, did, fox, gag, good, food, judge, long, lull, mum, nun, queen, roar, vivid, mild, yet, zone, sing, sir, then, azure, fife, has, kick, pope, some, top, tut, she, shun, church, thin, when, war, was.

Even the following sentences should be considered primarily as drills in thought and feeling. The teacher may take care, however, that the pupils separate the words definitely and crisply, giving full value to the final sounds in a way to insure that they do not blend with the word which follows.

Seated on shore she sees ships with shining sails on the shimmering sea.
Merry maidens make mirth.
She stood welcoming them in.
The dentist can perhaps cover the cleft palate with a plate.
Bring me some ice, not some mice.
That lasts till night; that last still night.
The steadfast stranger in the forests strayed.
It is certain that she sells sea shells.

Whoever imagined such an ocean to exist; whoever imagined such a notion to exist.

When the tide rushes from her rumbling caves,
The rough rock roars; tumultuous boil the waves.

Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue. But if you mouth it as many of your players do, I had as lief the town crier spoke my lines.

The wherry at the wharf was weighted with whale-oil, whey, and wheat.

Dust as we are, the immortal spirit grows like harmony in music.

Hast thou a charm to stay the morning star in his steep course?

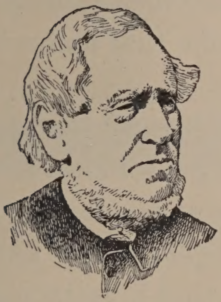
He cried, as raging seas are wont to roar.

When wintry storm his wrathful wreck doth threat.

At last, with creeping, crooked pace, forth came
An old, old man, with beard as white as snow.

THE AUTHORS

A FOURTH READER



Samuel Francis Smith

Clergyman and hymn writer, was born in Boston, Mass., in 1808, and died in 1895. His best known hymn, "America," was first sung in 1832.

AMERICA

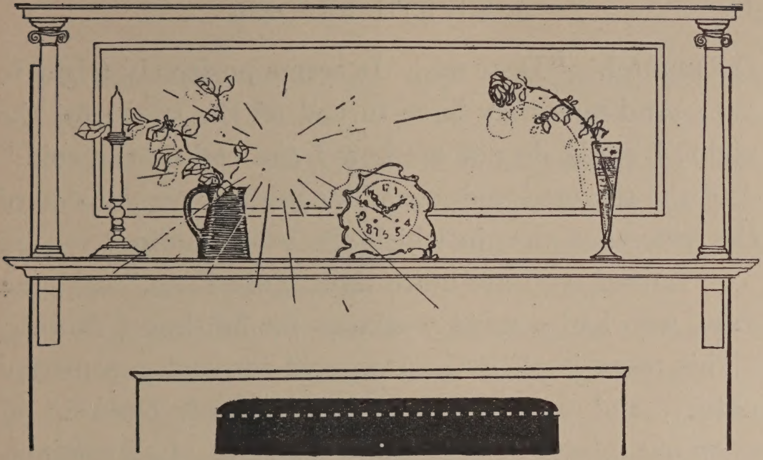
My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side,
Let freedom ring!

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Our Father's God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing,
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God our King.

Samuel F. Smith



A WARLIKE PRISONER

"Halt! I say, halt!"

But Lilian, not well acquainted with plant language, paid no heed to Captain Witch Hazel's command. She carried the brown pitcher, in which the blustering little Captain stood, across the library and hall, and into the reception room. Here she placed him on the mantel, arranged his long branches artistically across the mirror, and left him to his wrath.

"Bless my soul!" scolded the Captain as he shook out his gold lace in disgust, "who ever heard of such indignities! And such heat, too! I can't stand it! It's terrible!"

"Is it possible you think it warm here?" politely asked an American Beauty rose from the other side of the mantel. "Dear me! It seems positively frigid to me. And now they have turned off the steam for the night, I really do not see how I can endure the cold." And she shivered and leaned languidly over the side of the iridescent vase in which she was standing.

"Indeed, you are quite right, dear Rose," said the vase, who had a great weakness for hot-house flowers. "This room is altogether too cold for such a sensitive nature, and who this creature may be, bursting in upon our select circle, I cannot imagine. In a common brown pitcher, too!"

"Captain Witch Hazel is my name," said the person alluded to, in a loud voice. "I repeat, it is altogether too hot here for either health or comfort. Whew!"

"And what, may I inquire," asked Miss Rose weakly, "do you consider a proper temperature?"

"Well, if you had been out in my vicinity last night, for instance," replied Witch Hazel. "It was glorious! Cold! Oh, how the black frost did nip! It was enough to make a fellow of any spirit stand up straighter and shake out his fringe with new life. Snapping cold night!"

And his branches fairly crackled with delight at the memory.

"Oh! Oh! Spare me! How perfectly dreadful!"

cried the rose, crouching and shuddering at the thought.

"Indeed, sir," said the iridescent vase with more asperity than before, "we cannot have our delicate rose excited by such nonsense! You seem quite unable to understand the fineness of her organism."

"Well, all I have to say is, that if she isn't strong, a visit to her country cousin, Briar Rose, would set her up. Nice little girl, Briar Rose."

The American Beauty stiffened as she said icily:

"I am not aware of any relationship between us."

"Tut! tut!" reproved the Captain. "Mustn't — "

"Sir!" interrupted a tall silver candle-stick on the other side of him, "do I hear you using insulting language to our guest?"

"Hello!" exclaimed the Captain, "somebody else in this stifling old prison! Well, sir, — "

"Prison, indeed!" This time the voice came from the tea-table. "Prison! Our dainty reception room!" and Miss Tea-Caddy shuddered till her china cover tinkled against her sides. "Mandolin, do you hear this person's remarks?"

"Ah, yes!" sighed Mandolin from the couch. "I hear too well! It saddens me that such coarse natures dwell among us. Ah! if all were but harmony!" and she sighed again.

"Mandolin is so sensitive to discord," whispered Miss Tea-Caddy to the silver spoons.

"And this stranger is evidently not accustomed to high life," said a spoon, evidently intending his remark for Captain Witch Hazel's ears.

"Oh, dear! No!" whispered a teacup, "He is quite vulgar and loud!"

"Look here! If you are talking about me, why don't you say something straight out?" fumed the Captain. "Free air, clear frost, and frank talk, I say."

"Frank-talk! frank-talk! frank-talk!" echoed the gilt clock, throwing up its hands in horror.

"I do believe the creature wants to stir up a vulgar quarrel," said Miss Tea-Caddy. "Isn't he odious?"

"Who is he, anyway?" asked the silver candlestick of the iridescent vase. "What is his family?"

"I am sure I can't tell, though I have heard that he is only a shrub, and comes from a low district in the backwoods. Not at all cultivated."

"Cultivated! CULTIVATED!" almost shrieked Witch Hazel in his anger. "I should say not! I will have you know, fine ladies and gentlemen, that I, Captain Witch Hazel, have been free as air from my birth until I got shut up in this miserable, close room. Cultivated!" And between the heat and his wrath the

Captain almost choked! "Cultivated! Look here, now! I've stood about as much of this kind of warfare as I can stand. I give you fair warning that the next time I hear any more of these insults I am going to shoot!"

"Shoot!" shrieked Miss Tea-Caddy. "Oh, dear! Has he a gun? Mr. Candle-Stick, has he a gun?"

"Be calm, ladies," said the candle-stick from his position on the mantel. "I fail to perceive any firearms whatever on this intruder."

"Hm! 'intruder!'" repeated Captain Witch Hazel, and, suddenly, a ball hit Mr. Candle-Stick fairly on the side.

Immediately arose a chorus of exclamations from all parts of the room, while Mr. Candle-Stick attempted to assure everybody that he was not seriously wounded. "A mere scratch, I assure you," he said very bravely, for he was really almost fainting with terror.

But Captain Witch Hazel now found himself the center of such excited clamor that he fired volley after volley of shot in all directions.

"Oh!" twanged the mandolin, "he has snapped my E string!"

"How perfectly horrible this is," moaned Miss Tea-Caddy, as a volley of shot rattled among the teacups and jangled the silver spoons.

"Are you hurt, dear?" anxiously inquired the iridescent vase as she held up the drooping rose.

"No, moaned the flower, "but how dreadful he is!"

Instantly a ball tinkled against the vase.

"See here now!" puffed the Captain. "Are you ready for a treaty?"

"Yes, yes!" came from all parts of the room.

"Well, then, I'll stop firing if you'll stop talking. That's fair, isn't it?"

"Yes!"

"We'll stop!"

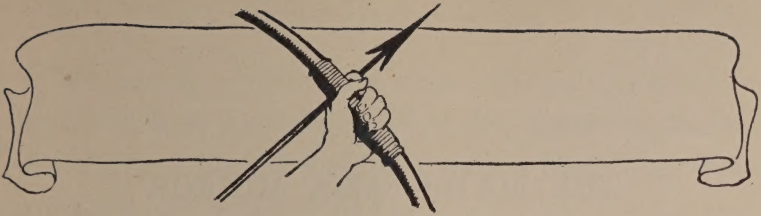
"We won't say another word tonight!" they all responded, and there was silence. Even the gilt clock dared not break it.

Captain Witch Hazel chuckled as he said to himself, "They don't know that my ammunition is all gone."

In the morning, Lilian came in to dust the room.

"Oh, mother!" she cried, "just see the witch hazel seeds all over the floor!"

Mabel W. S. Call



THE ARROW AND THE SONG

I SHOT an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I know not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I know not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak,
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

THE MATSUYAMA MIRROR

A JAPANESE FAIRY TALE

A LONG time ago, there lived in a quiet spot a young man and his wife. They had one child, a little daughter, whom they both loved with all their hearts. I cannot tell you their names for they have been long since forgotten, but the name of the place where they lived was Matsuyama, in the province of Echigo.

It happened once, while the little girl was still a baby, that the father was obliged to go to the great city, the capital of Japan, upon some business. It was too far for the mother and her little baby to go, so he set out alone, after bidding them goodbye and promising to bring them home some pretty present.

The mother had never been further from home than the next village, and she could not help being a little frightened at the thought of her husband taking such a long journey. Yet she was a little proud, too, for he was the first man in all that countryside who had been to the big town where the King and his great lords lived, and where there were so many beautiful and curious things to be seen.

At last the time came when she might expect her husband back, so she dressed the baby in its best clothes, and herself put on a pretty blue dress which she knew her husband liked.

You may fancy how glad this good wife was to see him come home safe and sound, and how the little girl clapped her hands, and laughed with delight, when she saw the pretty toys her father had brought for her. He had much to tell of all the wonderful things he had seen upon the journey, and in the town itself.

"I have brought you a very pretty thing," said he to his wife. "It is called a mirror. Look and tell me what you see inside." He gave to her a plain, white wooden box, in which, when she had opened it, she found a round piece of metal. One side was white like frosted silver, and ornamented with raised figures of birds and flowers, the other was bright as the clearest crystal. Into it the young mother looked with delight and astonishment, for from its depths was looking at her with parted lips and bright eyes a smiling happy face.

"What do you see?" again asked the husband, pleased at her astonishment, and glad to show that he had learned something while he had been away. "I see a pretty woman looking at me, and she moves her lips as if she were speaking, and — dear me, how odd, she has on a blue dress just like mine!" "Why, you silly woman, it is your own face that you see," said the husband, proud of knowing something that his wife didn't know. "That round piece of metal is called a mirror; in the town everybody has one, although we have not seen them in this country place before."

From the original Japanese illustration

INTO IT THE YOUNG MOTHER LOOKED WITH DELIGHT

The wife was charmed with her present, and for a few days could not look into the mirror often enough, for you must remember that as this was the first time she had seen a mirror, so, of course, it was the first time she had ever seen the reflection of her own pretty face. But she considered such a wonderful thing far too precious for every day use, and soon shut it up in its box again, and put it away carefully among her most valued treasures.

Years passed on, and the husband and wife still lived happily. The joy of their life was their little daughter, who grew up the very image of her mother, and who was so dutiful and affectionate that everybody loved her. Mindful of her own little passing vanity on finding herself so lovely, the mother kept the mirror carefully hidden away, fearing that the use of it might breed a spirit of pride in her little girl.

She never spoke of it, and as for the father, he had forgotten all about it. So it happened that the daughter grew up as simple as the mother had been, and knew nothing of her own good looks, or of the mirror which would have reflected them.

But by and by a terrible misfortune happened to this happy little family. The good kind mother fell sick; and, although her daughter waited upon her day and night with loving care, she got worse and worse until at last there was no hope that she might live.

When she found that she must so soon leave her husband and child, the poor woman felt very sorrowful, grieving for those she was going to leave behind, and most of all for her little daughter.

She called the girl to her and said: "My darling child, you know that I am very sick; soon I must die, and leave your dear father and you alone. When I am gone, promise me that you will look into this mirror every night and every morning: there you will see me, and know that I am still watching over you." With these words she took the mirror from its hiding place and gave it to her daughter. The child promised with many tears, and so the mother, seeming now calm and resigned, died a short time after.

Now this obedient and dutiful daughter never forgot her mother's last request, but each morning and evening took the mirror from its hiding place and looked in it long and earnestly. There she saw the bright and smiling vision of her lost mother. Not pale and sickly as in her last days, but the beautiful young mother of long ago. To her at night she told the story of the trials and difficulties of the day, to her in the morning she looked for sympathy and encouragement in whatever might be in store for her.

So day by day she lived as in her mother's sight, striving still to please her as she had done in her lifetime and careful always to avoid whatever might pain or grieve her.

Her greatest joy was to be able to look in the mirror and say: "Mother, I have been today what you would have me be."

Seeing her every night and morning, without fail, look into the mirror and seem to hold converse with it, her father at length asked her the reason of her strange behavior. "Father," she said, "I look in the mirror every day to see my dear mother and to talk with her." Then she told him of her mother's dying wish, and how she had never failed to fulfil it. Touched by so much simplicity, and such faithful, loving obedience, the father shed tears of pity and affection. Nor could he find it in his heart to tell the child that the image she saw in the mirror was but the reflection of her own sweet face, by constant sympathy and association becoming more like that of her dead mother, day by day.

Translated by Mrs. L. H. James

THE PEOPLE IN MY WATCH

"Let me out. I want to stretch. I'm all curled up and crippled. Let me out, I say."

Of course I couldn't write any more when I heard such cries of distress by me on the table.

"I say, let me out, I can't stand it."

And I found that the voice was from inside a splendid watch that lay on my table — one of the best watches that I ever knew. Keep it wound up, and it will run a year without losing half a minute. The man that had it before me said that it hadn't varied fifteen seconds in a year. It was one of the well-known watches that are made in our own country.

Of course I was surprised to hear cries of distress coming from so good a watch. I thought that the inside works of a good watch were contented. Pray, where shall we find contentment, if not in a watch, where everything is so smooth and clean and regular and keeps on going without any fuss or dust; enough to do every second, and not a bit too much?

"I say, do you hear? Let me out. I can't turn. I can't stretch."

The voice came from the Mainspring. I learned this by listening closely at a little hole that is left in the mainspring barrel, through which the Teeth talk back to the Mainspring. You see the hole was left there to put oil in, or to look through, or to talk through, or *something*. It was a half-round hole in Mainspring's "prison," as he called it. And so the Teeth of the spring barrel spoke back:

"Oh, keep quiet, keep quiet. We can't get along any faster than we do. We let you uncurl once a day. What more can you ask?"

"Well, but let me stretch out now. Let me jump. Let me spin and break things. I feel as if I could."

"Oh, we can't move," said Teeth, "any better than you can. You strain on us, and we strain on the pinion of the Centerwheel. I am sure we wish that Centerwheel would turn faster, but he won't. His teeth come round — we have got pretty well acquainted with them now — they come round about once an hour. They won't hurry."

"Well," said Mainspring, "punch 'em up, punch 'em up! Let's have things moving."

"We're doing our best. But, as you say so, we'll talk to them as they come round. I say, Centerwheel, can't you hurry up a little?"

"Why, bless you," answered Centerwheel, "don't you see that we have to wait on Thirdwheel? You are all the while driving us up, and we go as fast as we can, but we can't hurry up this everlasting slow-coach of a Thirdwheel. It goes along in little bits of jerks. There is something or other beyond it that makes a click-clack once in so often, just enough to make one wish it would go more. Jolly! I wish I was Thirdwheel. I'd let her go, and have a good time."

"Well," said Centerwheel, "pass it on. Find out what is the matter."

So they passed it on till it came to 'Scapewheel, with its few and funny teeth — only eight or ten of them. But it was a beautiful wheel, and very delicate, and it kept playing with two jewels, hitting one and then the other; and as soon as they were hit, they would dodge back out of the way; and the jewels couldn't tell why they were dodging so regularly. They "heard tell," they said, "of a Wigwag, that did nothing all day long but go wigwag up there on top of us all, having such a good time — he just goes round once in one direction, and then dances round in the other direction — doesn't have to go on regularly, the way we do. It's a real good time he has up there on top of us all!"

"Down with him!" said Mainspring.

"Put him down!" said Teeth.

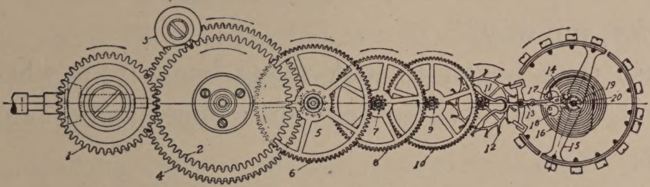
"Kill him!" said Pinion.

"Let me out!"

"Let us up!"

"Let's run!"

But the teeth were strong, and the pinions sound, and they couldn't get away from each other.



Permission of Elgin National Watch Co.

THE WHEELS OF A WATCH

1 Main Wheel
2 Ratchet Wheel
3 Click
4 First Wheel (containing Main Spring)
5 Center Pinion
6 Center Wheel
7 Third Pinion
8 Third Wheel
9 Fourth Pinion
10 Fourth Wheel
11 Escape Pinion
12 Escape Wheel
13 Pallet, Fork and Arbor
14 Roller Jewel
15 Balance Wheel
16 Hair Spring
17 Hair Spring Stud
18 Banking Screws
19 Balance Staff
20 Hair Spring Collet

Back and forth went the Balance, which they called Wigwag. And when the grumblers down below held their tongues a minute, and were hard at work, Balance measured off his words regularly, and said:

"I, too, go in the dark, I am lonely here. I go on one way, I go back; I go the same way, I go back. I don't know what I do it for. I am shut in as much as you are. You drive me, and I'm driven. What it's all for, I'm sure I can't tell. A watch is a very great mystery!"

Then they had a watch council. They stopped complaining and quarrelling and scolding each other, and the question they talked about was:

"What are we for, anyway? What is a watch? We are all shut in here, and we can't get out. What are we for, anyway?"

So they began to look along back from wheel to wheel, till they came to Centerwheel again, and he said:

"My long axle sticks out through the watch, and I don't know what's on the other end of me. It goes on through, and, now and then, I see a little light coming in from that direction. What is done out there I'm sure I can't tell."

"That's the way with me, too," said little Fourthwheel. "One of my pivots is long, and reaches out through a little hole, and a little light comes in now and then; but what it's all for, I'm sure I don't know."

"Well, what is it for?" said Mainspring.

"What?" said Thirdwheel.

And they all kept on working, wondering WHAT?

So I took up the watch and went with it down to our observatory. It was a beautiful evening. I looked at the hands on the face of the watch, and then

I looked through the telescope of the transit instrument, waiting for a star that I should see before long.

Pretty soon the star came sailing in towards the spider lines in the telescope. I held the watch to my ear and began to count the half-seconds. I noted exactly the time when the star touched the spider lines in the telescope. And when the star had got across them all, I corrected the figures and looked at my watch — my beautiful watch — and found it thirteen seconds slow. Mainspring and two wheels had been listening and wondering, and when I said, "Thirteen seconds slow," Mainspring whispered to Balance:

"Ask him! ask him what is going on there outside."

So Balance ticked out to me: "'Thirteen seconds slow'; what is that, sir?"

"Don't you know what a watch is for?" said I.

"No," said Balance.

"Why, every time the stars seem to go round us once, your hour-hand must go round twice. So it will make no difference whether I measure a year by your hands that you stick out for me to look at, or by the great stars that God gave me to look at. And when I get a watch that goes regularly, according to God's stars, then I call it a good watch."

"Is that what we are for?" said Balance.

"Yes," said I, "that's what you are for — to go regularly according to God's stars, and help me to go regularly. And I help my boys and girls to go regularly."

"Can you see out?" asked Balance.

"Not very far," I answered.

"Do you want to know what you are for?" asked Balance.

"Yes, I wish I did," I answered.

"Can you ever find out?"

"Yes, I shall know when somebody away up outside tells me, the way I told you."

"What did you say we were for, sir?"

"To go round with God's stars."

Balance said to Fourthwheel: "We keep time with the stars."

And so they passed it back, till they got to Mainspring in his barrel, and told him: "We keep time with the stars."

"Oh, is that it?" said he. "Well, then, I will pull away as hard as I can."

And ever since that night, no matter when I choose to listen, I hear them singing inside my watch-case: "We keep time with the stars. We keep time with the stars."

From *In Time with the Stars,*
By THOMAS K. BEECHER

Permission of Fleming H. Revell.

The Great Seal of Russia

LITTLE MARIAM'S GOLDEN AMERICA

Part I

Mariam was born in Russia, that very large country away over on the eastern side of Europe. Her home was in Barr, a small, unattractive village. Low, one-story cottages, without verandas and gardens, were all she saw, even in the best part of Barr. The poor peasants of the village lived in dark, cold, one-room huts, built of mud and straw. Pigs were permitted to roam about freely in the dirty streets, and they grew large and fat on the food they ate from the roadside. Indeed, these animals did more to keep the streets clean than did the people. Mariam had never been out of Barr.

On a bright morning you could see her, dressed in her little blue skirt and white Russian blouse with bands of red embroidery, running to either "Mother Tilly" or "Mother Sophie" to eat noodles, for noodles were the delight of Mariam's heart, or to listen to the wonderful tales about the Golden Land, America. Mariam's graceful little body, her merry blue eyes, her bright face, her musical voice, were loved by all the good mothers of the village, but particularly by "Mother Tilly."

"Mother Tilly" had a son in America, and from him she had grown to feel that the streets in America were paved with real, solid, shining gold, that all the women were dressed in silks and satins, that nobody was afraid of a Czar, and that everybody was kind and friendly.

How Mariam's eyes sparkled as she listened to these wonderful tales, and how she wished that she, too, might go to that beautiful land of plenty! But, of course, she never thought that she would ever really and truly go. She just played she was going when alone with her dolls. If one of her children misbehaved or displeased her, her threat was: "Well, you shan't go to Golden America with your sisters and brothers." Then, imagining how sorry the naughty dolly was, Mariam's little heart would ache for her baby and she would forgive her, saying: "Dear, dear, if you will promise to be good, I'll take you to America after all."

Every new tale "Mother Tilly" told about the fairyland across the sea, Mariam hurried home to whisper to her little ones. "Mother Tilly" always had wonderful news when she received American letters. They came once a month. It took two weeks for a letter to travel from Russia to America, and two weeks more for the reply to travel from America to Russia. On letter days not only Mariam came to visit "Mother Tilly," but all the neighbors came, too. All were eager to hear the news and to talk it over. They thought "Mother Tilly" very fortunate to have a son in the Golden Land. But the best stories were saved for Mariam alone, and these were told by bits, so that they lasted from one letter day to the next letter day.

It was a fine fall morning. Little Mariam had just returned from a visit to one of her mothers, and she had gone into her little playroom when she heard her father say: "We must go to America. There is no other way out of it. If we stay here, our boys will have to go to the army. Times are getting harder. Yes, America is the only place for us."

Mariam's heart leaped with joy. She wanted to clap her little hands and sing out, but she thought she heard her mother crying. Her little face clouded as she listened. "But this is our home. We have always lived here. Everybody knows us. We know everybody. In America we shall be strangers. We can't leave our friends and our home. We can't, we can't," her mother sobbed.

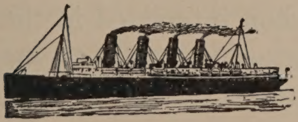
Then came father's voice gently: "God takes care of the little blind sparrows." Mariam did not understand just what this meant. Was it possible they were going to her fairyland!

A few days later her father took her on his lap and kissed her golden head, then taking her chin into his hand, he turned up her face and said, "Little Sunshine, we are going to Golden America."

"Oh! papa, I'm so glad! How happy we shall be! 'Mother Tilly' told me the birds sing all the time in America. 'Mother Tilly' will see her boy again. 'Mother Sophie' won't cry because she is poor. People aren't poor in America. I'm so glad! I'm so glad!" said Mariam, giving father one of her big bear hugs.

"But, Little Sunshine," said father, "'Mother Tilly' and 'Mother Sophie' can't go with us. You must say goodbye to all your play mothers. Some day they, too, may go and we shall be there to welcome them, shan't we, little daughter?" Mariam's happiness was somewhat marred by the thought of leaving her dear mothers, but when she went to talk it all over with them, her face glowed as she told them of what she expected to see and do in her Golden Land.

At last the day of parting came. All the villagers gathered at Mariam's home to say goodbye. Mariam kissed her friends, took her gifts from her kind play mothers, hugged those she loved the most, and looked beautiful in her little black coat and hood, as she was lifted into the carriage. Then there was one last call of farewell. Tears choked the voices of all the dear friends as the carriage started off. Mariam's little heart was broken. "Father," she cried, "I want to stay home. I want my mammas. I don't want to go away. I don't want America." Her father pressed her closer to his breast and whispered, "My little Song Bird, my poor little Song Bird." The carriage rolled on. The child, exhausted, fell asleep.



PART II

When Mariam awoke, she found herself lying on the seat in the train. Mariam had never been on a train before. She rubbed her eyes, looked about, and then called softly, "Mamma, where are we?" "In a train, dear," replied her mother.

"Where are my brothers?"

"In the next coupé."

"What's a coupé, mother?"

"A little compartment of the train like this one. There are just two seats in each compartment. The seats are just like couches, aren't they, Sunshine?"

"I want to see my brothers."

"Perhaps they will come in to see you at the next station."

"I wish I could see them now, mother."

"You look out of the window. See how pretty the fields are. The peasants are digging up the sugar-beets."

Mariam was soon interested in the views she could see from the window, and forgot everything else for a time.

Late in the afternoon the train stopped. Two men came into the coupé. One was an officer who asked for the passports, the other was a doctor. The doctor hurriedly examined each one in the coupé. The officer signed the passports, and the two went on to the next compartment of the train.

"Let me put on your wraps, dear. We are in Germany now. Our baggage will have to be examined and then we can go to an inn for the night," said mother.

As soon as Mariam heard they were going to an inn, she was reminded of her own little room in Barr and of her many beloved mammas whom she had left that day. "I want to go home," she cried. "I want my own bed. I want my home." Neither father nor mother could comfort her. She sobbed and sobbed all the time the baggage was being examined, and long after she had been put into the little bed in the inn.

That night Mariam was restless. Once she awoke and cried for "Mother Tilly." Then she fell into a feverish sleep and moaned and begged for her little babies, for noodles, and for her mothers.

Early the next morning a doctor was called. The kind-hearted German shook his head and ordered traveling stopped. The child was too sick to be moved. Then followed a week of anxious waiting. Mariam's two brothers went on to Hamburg to make arrangements with the steamship company. Mother and father tenderly nursed their little girl in the little border town. At last the doctor pronounced her out of danger and father telegraphed to his boys: "We start for Hamburg tonight."

Mariam's little face was pale and her little body frail and worn. Most of the time during the journey she was glad to lie quietly on the soft, red, velvet seat. When the train stopped at a station her father picked her up and let her look out at the crowd. She saw boys running by the train peddling beer, hot coffee, sandwiches, and fruit, porters carrying various sized and shaped bundles, and men and women hurrying from train to train or out to the street.

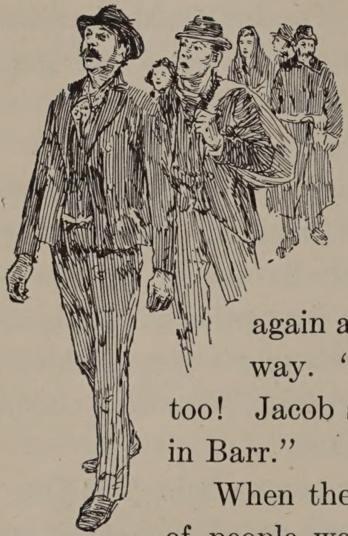
In Berlin, the beautiful capital of Germany, it was necessary to wait a few hours for the next train to Hamburg. Mariam and her parents went into the restaurant of the busy station. Soon after they were seated and had ordered some refreshments, a well-dressed man, sitting at a neighboring table, began to play with Mariam. Before long her little voice again rang with musical laughter as her new friend performed funny little antics for her amusement. Mother and father felt very grateful to this kind gentleman. Their little daughter had not been so merry since she had left her home in Barr. They smiled to him, and he finally came to their table. Introducing himself, he asked permission to sit with them. "I love children," he said. "I lost my own little girl fifteen years ago. She was about your child's age." Turning to Mariam he said: "Sweetheart, would you like to come and live with me? I live in a beautiful castle. You could have everything you wish. Will you come?"

Little Mariam shook her head. "No, I want to be with my papa and mamma and brothers. We're going to Golden America. Everybody lives in castles there. We'll have song birds singing in our garden all the time. Will you come with us?" The German's eyes twinkled. He put his arm around her and said: "No, dear child, no. I must stay in my fatherland."

The train for Hamburg was announced. The German helped the travelers to their coupé, and soon the three were on their way again.

How glad Mariam was to see her brothers! She was quite her merry little self as she walked along the streets of Germany's great sea-port, one hand in Jacob's and the other in Abram's, and told them of her interesting friend in Berlin. That night was spent in an inn.

PART III



Nine o'clock the next morning the "Krönland" was to sail. Long before seven our immigrants were on the way to the steamer. "I want to see the steamer," Mariam whispered to herself again and again as they went on their way. "Oh! and I'll see the ocean, too! Jacob says it's bigger than the pond in Barr."

When they reached the dock, a crowd of people were already rushing back and forth. Baggage and freight were being hurriedly stored away in different parts of the steamer. Polite ship stewards were on hand to direct passengers to their state-rooms. Mariam cried out: "Is this the steamer? How beautiful! Are we going to live in this palace, papa?" "Yes, child, this is where we shall stay till we land in America. After the steamer starts, father will take you all over that fine palace."

Mariam was taken to the upper deck and left in charge of her older brother, while the others went to see about their baggage, state-rooms, and seats at table. "Abram," asked Mariam, "are all these people going to America?" "No, I think not. Some have come to say goodbye to their friends. Very soon there will be a last call for the passengers, and you will see that a great many will remain on shore. Now, lie right back in the steamer chair, or you will be too tired to see anything."

Soon there was a bugle call. The steamer officials took their places. Friends gave their last farewell embraces and hurried off the steamer. There were tears in the eyes of many, some looked anxious, others happy, others sad. Handkerchiefs were waving, as the band began to play, and the steamer started. Soon Mariam could not distinguish the faces of those left behind, the crowd disappeared, objects on land grew smaller and dimmer, and then there was just the great blue, restless sea, and the deeper blue, peaceful sky. Abram took his little sister in his arms and carried her to their room. Mariam rested till dinner time.

At table Mariam whispered to Jacob: "Isn't this fun! Such a big party! This is bigger than Uncle Joe's wedding. He didn't have so many people, did he?" "No, he didn't," laughed Jacob.

Before many days Mariam was the delight of all the passengers in the cabin. Captain Sachs called her his best sailor. When all the others were groaning with sea-sickness, little Mariam ran from one to the other, playing little nurse. Each morning, when the concert began, she danced about the deck like a graceful little fairy, and when the music ceased she clapped her hands and called out, "Oh! good! Oh! good!" The musicians loved to play again and again for their little Mariam. "Father," she said, one morning, "I wish we could stay here forever. We have weddings all the time here. In Barr we had only Uncle Joe's wedding. I love the music, and the big blue water. Papa, isn't this a cradle house? It rocks us so all the time."

"Little daughter," laughed father, "you wouldn't go back to Barr now, would you?"

"No! No!" answered Mariam, and she laid her little golden head on father's shoulder. "What a child!" thought father.

At last the voyage was to end. Mariam's little heart leaped when she saw the first sign of land and she sang out, "Golden America! Golden America!" The Statue of Liberty seemed like a goddess to her. "She is holding light for us. Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!" the child exclaimed.

Late in the afternoon a little boat met the "Krönland," and some men boarded the large steamer. "Come, Mariam," said father, "the American doctor wishes to examine us." Taking father's hand, she waited with him for their turn to see the doctor. Mariam wondered why an old lady cried after she left the physician, and father explained: "She is not well enough to land in America. She will be sent back to Europe." "And can't she see the Golden Land? Wouldn't she get well there?" asked Mariam. "Papa, let's beg the doctor to please let her land. Poor old lady!"

When Mariam reached the doctor, she was surprised to hear him talk a language she didn't understand. She was afraid of him. He quickly examined her and father and motioned them away. Mother and the two boys were also examined and "passed." One hour later they landed in the great city of New York.

By permission of the Century Co.

PART IV

Mariam wondered when she would see the golden streets and the beautiful castles. Her little heart grew cold when she was led into the noisy, crowded, busy streets of the city. With fear she clung to her father, as she saw a few dirty boys following them with jeers and laughter. In later years she understood what "Greenhorn" meant, but at that time she only knew that she didn't like the harsh voices and the unkind faces. Instead of beautiful palaces, she saw very, very tall buildings. It made her dizzy to try to see their tops. In one street trains were running overhead. The noise made the poor child tremble with fear. And then, how strange it was to get into a train under a street! Even there people pushed and hurried very uncomfortably.

The first weeks in America were one sad disappointment. No gold in the streets! No fairies! No song birds always singing in gardens! This was not the wonderland of which Mariam had dreamed. If she could only be back in Barr with "Mother Tilly." It was so lonely here.

One day a neighbor came in and said, "Mariam must go to school. Children must go to school in America." Little Mariam had never been to school. In Barr only the very rich could afford to go.

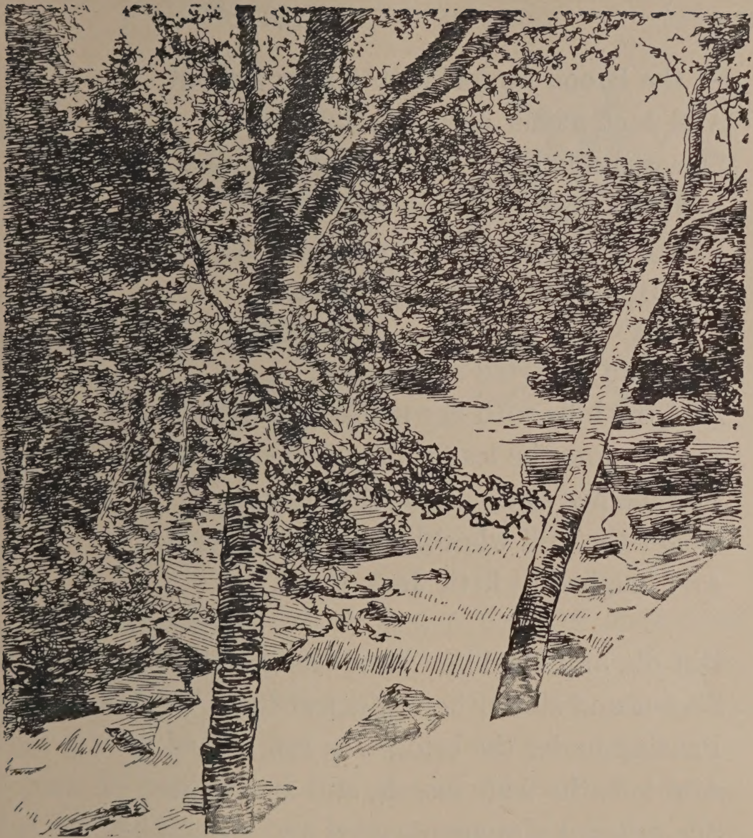
Mariam never forgot her first school day. How she clung to her mother and how frightened she was! The good neighbor led them to a fatherly man in the large school building. He smiled kindly and said something in a gentle voice. A little boy led them down to a room where a sweet-faced woman took Mariam's hand. Here Mariam had to part from her mother.

Miss White, the teacher of Room 1, led the child to the dressing-room, helped her hang up her hat and coat, and then took her into a pleasant room where fifty busy little boys and girls were working quietly at their lessons. Miss White said to her pupils, "Children, Mariam has come to stay with us. She speaks no English. You know she must be very unhappy not to understand what we say, so we must try to be ever so good to her. My best workers will help Mariam each day, till she learns our ways. Mary, you were a hard worker all last week; you may take care of Mariam today."

And how kind those children were to this little newcomer! Each one in the room was glad to play with her on the playground, to walk home and to school with her, and to teach her to speak English. Miss White was the guardian angel of all these little people, but her heart had the most tender spot for the little stranger. To Mariam, Miss White soon became more precious than any of her Russian mothers, or even the fairies of whom she had dreamed when she was in Barr. Before many months Mariam was speaking English, and though she still made mistakes, the children never laughed at her.

Years have gone by, and now it is graduation day. A tall, graceful girl, with large, blue, earnest eyes, is bidding her beloved principal, teachers, and classmates farewell. It is our little Mariam, who has grown to young womanhood. She ranks first in her class, and her companions listen gladly to these words: "Dear teachers, I can still remember how I used to listen to the wonderful tales about Golden America. In Barr we all believed that the streets of the land of plenty across the sea were paved with gold. I remember my disappointment when I found America was not the fairyland I had expected. But I have found a far better land, and you, my teachers, have helped me to find it. I hope some day to help others, as you have helped me, to find America, 'the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave.'"

Annie Fisher



A GAME OF TAG

Little Jack Frost ran out one day
And called to the Brook to come and play.
"Let's play tag, and you must run,
And I'll be it, and won't we have fun!
Old Father Winter will think I'm lost!
Hooray!" cried little Jack Frost.

So the Brook ran off with a merry shout,
And Jack at her heels in a jolly rout,
Down through the plowed fields, sunny and bare,
Into the woods and the piny air,
Past mighty boulders gray and mossed,
The Brook led little Jack Frost.

Over the waterfall she sprang,
And the hills with her mocking laughter rang,
Down came the leaves in a gorgeous throng
To hide her away as she fled along.
Under the mill wheel her hair she tossed,
And laughed at little Jack Frost.

But oh, and alas! how tired she grew!
Slower and slower her light feet flew.
Panting under the bridge she ran,
And into the wide marsh, still and wan.
She faltered a moment, tired and lost;
"Tag," cried little Jack Frost.

From *The Youth's Companion*
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FILBERT

A PUSSY cat, a parrot, and a monkey once lived together in a funny little red house, with one great round window like a big eye set in the front. And they were a very happy family as long as they had an old woman to cook their dinner and mend their clothes. But one sad day the old woman was taken ill and died, and then the cat, the parrot, and the monkey were left to take care of themselves and the red house, and very little they knew about it.

"Who will cook the porridge now?" asked the cat.

"And who will make the beds?" asked the parrot.

"And who will sweep the floor?" asked the monkey.

But none could answer, and they thought and thought a long time, but could come to no decision, until at last the parrot nodded his head wisely and said, "We must learn to do them ourselves."

"But who will teach us?" asked Miss Pussy.

"I know," said the monkey. "We will go to town and watch how the men and women cook their meals and take care of their homes, and then we will be able to do the same."

"So we will," said the other two, and all three immediately put on their scarlet cloaks and blue sunbonnets and set off for the town; but they were in such haste that they forgot to lock the door.

They had not been gone long when a ragged little girl, with bare feet and sunburned face, came up the dusty road. She was very tired and very hungry. Her real name nobody knew, not even herself, but she was always called Filbert, because her hair, eyes, and skin were all as brown as a nut.

"Oh dear! oh dear!" sighed Filbert, as she dragged her weary feet along, "I wish I had a fairy godmother, like the girl in the fairy book, for then I could wear silk dresses every day and ride in a golden coach."

Just then she spied the funny little house and thought, "Well, as I am not so lucky as to have a rich godmother, I will go in here and ask for a drink of milk and rest awhile on the doorstep."

So she went up to the door and knocked, but nobody came. Again rap-tap-tap; still nobody; and at last she lifted the latch and walked in.

"Oh, what a cunning little place!" cried Filbert, "and nobody at home; so I will help myself."

In the closet she found meal and milk, which she boiled over the fire, and ate with a great relish. Then she went all over the house, exploring the nooks and corners of every room, and wondering what had become of the people who lived there.

She also thought it very queer that in so pretty a house, where almost everything was neat and well kept, the floors should be dirty and the beds not yet made up.

At last the little girl, who had walked far along the dusty road in the hot sun that morning, found herself growing very tired and sleepy, and as the tumbled beds did not look very inviting, she went down stairs and took a nap in a large rocking-chair that had belonged to the old woman. When she was quite rested, she helped herself to a needle and thread out of the work-basket, and went to work to mend her dress, which was badly torn. Just as she had sewed up the last rent she heard steps outside, and, glancing out of the round window, she saw the pussy cat, the parrot, and the monkey coming in at the gate.

Frightened nearly out of her wits at the sight of the queer trio, Filbert jumped up and ran and hid behind the curtain.

In came the three, as gay as could be, chattering and laughing.

"For I have learned to cook porridge," said the cat.

"And I have learned to make beds," said the parrot.

"And I have learned to sweep the floor," said the monkey.

"Then do let us hurry," cried all three, "for we are hungry and sleepy, and the house is very, very dusty."

The cat set to work first, mixed the meal and milk, and set it over the fire to boil; and it smelled so good they all felt hungrier than ever; but when they came to taste the porridge they found it was burned, and pussy had forgotten the salt.

"Bah! bah!" cried the parrot and monkey, throwing down their spoons in disgust; "you can't cook, and we shall have to go to bed hungry."

"We can't go to our beds either unless you hurry and make them," said the cat, who was vexed at having failed.

So the parrot set to and tried to spread the clothes on the bed with her beak; but as fast as she pulled them up one side, they slipped off the other, and at last she gave up in despair.

"Oh dear, we shall have to sleep on the floor," cried the other two.

"Then you had better sweep it first," retorted the parrot.

So the monkey took the broom and began to sweep, but only succeeded in raising such a dust that they were nearly blinded, and had to run out of the house and sit on the doorstep until it settled.

And they were so discouraged that they cried and cried, until their tiny handkerchiefs were wet through, and the tears ran down and formed quite a pool in front of the door.

"It's of no use to try and keep house by ourselves," said the monkey; "we shall have to go to some museum and board."

"What! leave our own pretty little house, where we have lived so long," said the cat.

"I'll stay here and starve before I'll go to the old museum," said the parrot. And overcome with grief at the idea of breaking up their happy home they embraced, and sobbed aloud on each other's necks.

Now Filbert had watched all that was going on, and felt very sorry for the little creatures; so as soon as they left the room she slipped out from behind the curtain, and in a few minutes did all they had tried so hard to accomplish, and returned to her hiding-place just as the three came in, saying sadly to one another, "The dust must have settled, so we will try and sleep on the floor and forget how hungry we are; and tomorrow we will go to town again, and try very much harder than we did today to learn how to keep house."

But here they stopped short and stared in surprise, for the floor was as clean and bright as a new penny; the little white beds were tucked smoothly up, and on the table smoked three bowls of nice hot porridge.

"What good fairy has been here!" they all exclaimed.

"A nut-brown maiden, nut-brown maiden," chirped a cricket on the hearth.

"And where has she gone?" they asked.

"Behind the curtain, behind the curtain," sang the cricket.

And in a twinkling Filbert was dragged, blushing and trembling, from her hiding-place.

"Who are you, and how came you here?" asked the cat.

"My name is Filbert, and I came in to rest," said the girl, "for I have no friends and no home."

"And can you cook and sweep and sew?" asked the parrot.

"Yes, indeed, and many other things."

"Oh! will you stay and live with us?" asked the monkey.

"What will you give me?" asked Filbert.

"A good home," said the cat.

"Brand new clothes," said the parrot.

"And a brass, a silver, and a gold penny every week," said the monkey.

So Filbert stayed, and was as happy as a bird in the one-eyed house. She sang so cheerfully as she went about her work that things seemed almost to do themselves for her. The monkey watched in admiration whenever she swept the floor, and wondered why there was no dust. And all learned to love her dearly.

Agnes Carr

From *Harper's Young People*

SONG OF MARION'S MEN

Our band is few, but true and tried,
  Our leader frank and bold;
The British soldier trembles
  When Marion's name is told.
Our fortress is the good greenwood,
  Our tent the cypress-tree;
We know the forest round us,
  As seamen know the sea.
We know its walls of thorny vines,
  Its glades of reedy grass,
Its safe and silent islands
  Within the dark morass.

Woe to the English soldiery,
  That little dread us near!
On them shall light at midnight
  A strange and sudden fear:
When, waking to their tents on fire,
  They grasp their arms in vain,
And they who stand to face us
  Are beat to earth again.

And they who fly in terror deem
  A mighty host behind,
And hear the tramp of thousands
  Upon the hollow wind.

Then the sweet hour that brings release
  From danger and from toil:
We talk the battle over,
  And share the battle's spoil.

The woodland rings with laugh and shout,
  As if a hunt were up,
And woodland flowers are gathered
  To crown the soldier's cup.
With merry songs we mock the wind
  That in the pine-top grieves,
And slumber long and sweetly
  On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon
  The band that Marion leads —
The glitter of their rifles,
  The scampering of their steeds.
'Tis life to guide the fiery barb
  Across the moonlight plain;
'Tis life to feel the night-wind
  That lifts his tossing mane.
A moment in the British camp —
  A moment — and away
Back to the pathless forest,
  Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee,
  Grave men with hoary hairs,
Their hearts are all with Marion,
  For Marion are their prayers.

And lovely ladies greet our band
  With kindliest welcoming,
With smiles like those of summer,
  And tears like those of spring.
For them we wear these trusty arms,
  And lay them down no more
Till we have driven the Briton,
  For ever, from our shore.

William Cullen Bryant

THE LITTLE RED PRINCESS

Many years ago our whole country was a great wilderness. The mountains were covered with forests, and great rivers flowed through miles of territory without a town or city upon their banks.

Here and there an Indian village appeared, but as yet no white men were here.

Near one of the great rivers there lived, three hundred years ago, a tribe of Indians called Powhatans. They were ruled by a powerful chief called the Powhatan. He was king over a number of smaller tribes, and was feared and obeyed by all other Indians in the vicinity.

The Powhatan who ruled at the time I am going to tell you about was a rather old man. He had thirty-one children, but one little daughter was his special pet and pride. She was brought up like other Indian maidens, trained to be strong, active, and skillful about the work which women did. But this little girl was very fond of running and climbing. She became so swift and light of foot, she was so agile and could do so many things which usually only boys did, that she earned for herself the name Pocahontas, which means little tomboy.

Pocahontas was not only very expert and active in body, she had also a remarkably keen and intelligent mind, like her father, the great chief. She loved all those who were good to her with a faithful affection, as we shall see, and she never was afraid to do anything to help a friend.

When little Pocahontas was about thirteen years old, a very exciting thing happened. A party of Indians came to the Powhatan's camp, bringing a wonderful white prisoner with them. Pocahontas had heard of the white people who had built themselves strange log wigwams at the mouth of the river, but she had never seen one before. This man was named Captain John Smith, and, like most men who have a great deal of influence over grown-up people, he was very fond of children.

"Who is this little maid with the white feather in her hair?" he asked, as the children flocked about him soon after his arrival. "Oh, this is Pocahontas," said one of the children in reply. "She wears the white feather because she is a daughter of the chief."

"Then, Pocahontas," said Captain Smith, drawing his knife from his pocket, "come and sit beside me while we see what pretty things I can whittle for you with this." Soon he was the center of a bright-eyed flock of children, making for them many sorts of toys.

Pocahontas was especially pleased with the toys he fashioned for her, and her quick mind found many questions to ask him concerning his people and their ways.

Finally the warriors had a consultation over Captain Smith. They hardly knew what to do with him. Some of them were afraid of a man who could do so many things they could not understand. They did not understand about his gun, nor the cannon at the white men's new settlement at Jamestown. They did not know about his sword, nor his strange way of building houses. Most of all, they were afraid of a man who could write upon paper so it would tell things to other men who received it many miles away. So they decided to put him to death.

They brought him out before the assembled tribe, forced him to lie down with his head upon two stones, and were all ready to kill him. But just at that moment Pocahontas darted forward, cried out appealingly to her stern old father, and threw her arms about her kind white friend. Powhatan could not refuse the request of his favorite child. Moreover, any Indian had a right to claim the life of a prisoner.

So Captain Smith was allowed to live, and two or three days later he was sent back in safety with four Indians to guide him.

After this Pocahontas went many times to Jamestown to see her white friend.

She soon found that the white strangers were often in need of food. They had not begun to raise crops those first years, and so were not provided with enough food for the winter.

"Come," said Pocahontas to some of her Indian friends one day, "I wish to visit the palefaces again. But they need much corn. Let us carry them all we can."

So they gathered up some baskets and filled them with corn which they carried through the forest and down the river to Jamestown.

"Oh, dear and blessed Pocahontas!" cried the white people as they met her coming up from the canoes with her gift, "you have saved us from starving!" and they welcomed her into the town with thankfulness. Many times after this she came to them bringing food.

Captain Smith bought all he could from the Powhatan and his Indians, but he could not make them sell him enough, so if it had not been for the kindness and help of his loyal young friend, the new comers would have suffered a great deal more than they did.

Every few months ships from England came to Jamestown bringing new settlers, so that the Indians began to be anxious.

"There are too many palefaces," said one. "At first they were only as many as the leaves in winter. Now they are like the leaves in summer."

"We must get for ourselves some of their sticks that kill; then we can fight them," said another. So they bought for corn all the guns and powder they could. At other times some of them stole fire-arms and tools.

Once when Captain Smith and a little party of his men had been buying corn from the Indians, their barge, loaded with food, was left stranded by the tide. All they could do was to stay all night where they were and wait for the next high tide.

They retired into a rude hut and sent to the Powhatan for some supper.

Meanwhile Pocahontas, in her father's wigwam, heard a plot to surprise and kill the white men.

It was a very cold mid-winter night. There had been snow and everything was frozen; but neither the cold nor the darkness could keep the girl from warning her friend.

Fortunately the little tomboy knew the forest trails well, and was fleet and silent. She reached the white men's wigwam before the treacherous Indians arrived, and rushed in upon her friends.

"Fly!" she cried in great fear, "You must fly at once. My father's men are coming tonight to bring you food, and when you lay down your guns to eat they will kill you."

"We will not lay down our guns, then," the great Captain answered. "Thanks to you, my brave child, we shall be ready and need not fly."

They tried to make her presents of beads and other gay adornments, but with tears raining down her cheeks, the girl put them aside.

"I dare not have them," she said, "lest the Great Chief know that I have been here. If he know it, I am but dead," and she glided swiftly away through the dark shadows.

It was hardly an hour before the men came from Powhatan with food. But the white men kept their arms beside them and sent a bold message of defiance to the chief. So the wily red men went back and put off their attack till a more favorable time.

As the years went on, the distrust and fear between the English and the Indians grew. The white men were not always fair in dealing with the savages and they could do many wonderful things which made the Indians afraid of them and wish to drive them away. Many white men were taken prisoners, though Pocahontas managed to save and send back some of them.

One day Captain Smith was hurt in an accident and had to go back to England.

After this the settlers had more trouble than ever with the Indians. They were unjust and unwise in dealing with their red neighbors, and at last even Pocahontas was estranged, and kept away from them.

One day, however, the new commander, Captain Argall, found that she was staying with the Potomac Indians, where he was trading. He thought it would be an excellent thing for the English if he could capture her. He offered to give a fine copper kettle to the chief of the Potomacs if he would help.

Accordingly Pocahontas, now a tall and graceful girl of nineteen, was enticed aboard Argall's ship. There her Indian friends left her, and she was carried to Jamestown, a prisoner.

Captain Argall at once sent word to the Great Chief that his daughter would be held captive until all the English prisoners and stolen goods were sent back to the town. The Powhatan was much distressed, and sent back a few white prisoners. He could not make up his mind to return all. Yet Pocahontas was still the darling of his heart and he begged the palefaces to be kind to her.

A year passed and Pocahontas was still at Jamestown. The town people were all kind to her, and she was really glad to learn all the things they could teach her. At last one English gentleman grew to love her so much he wanted her to be his wife. His name was John Rolfe. Pocahontas consented, but she asked first to send word to her father.

When the messenger returned he brought the Powhatan's permission, and the chief's brother and two of his sons came to Jamestown to attend the wedding.

Pocahontas took the Christian name Rebecca before she was married, and then the wedding was celebrated just like other weddings of the time.

The Indian chief was proud to have his daughter marry a white gentleman, and from that day there was peace between the two races as long as the Powhatan lived.

About two years after their marriage John Rolfe took his young Indian wife to visit England.

Pocahontas immediately became a very popular person in London. She was presented at court and everybody treated her like a princess and entertained her in a great many ways.

This was partly due to the fact that her old friend, John Smith, was in London, and wrote the queen telling her all about his little Indian friend. So the queen made much of her and it became the fashion for everyone else to do the same.

Pocahontas presented at Court

She was invited to parties and dinners and the theater, and everybody watched her with great interest.

One day Captain Smith called upon her. She was delighted to see him, but when he respectfully called her "Lady Rebecca" as everyone else did, Pocahontas covered her face with her hand and turned away for a moment. She could not bear to have him call her anything but his child, as he had done in the American forests. When he understood this he did not address her again as Lady Rebecca, and she happily called him father, as of old.

At last, however, it came time to think of going back to Jamestown. Pocahontas and John Rolfe with their baby son, Thomas, were making ready to sail when she was suddenly taken ill and died.

Her life had been short, but the little Indian tomboy with her bright mind and loving heart had done a great deal to help in the founding of this country. She had prevented many cruelties. She had saved many people from starving. She had brought about some years of peace, and her little son grew up to have children and grandchildren of his own, who were proud to think that they were descended from "the dear and blessed Pocahontas."

MABEL W. S. CALL

THE SWING

How do you like to go up in a swing,
  Up in the air so blue?
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing
  Ever a child can do!

Up in the air and over the wall,
  Till I can see so wide,
Rivers and trees and cattle and all
  Over the countryside —

Till I look down on the garden green,
  Down on the roof so brown —
Up in the air I go flying again,
  Up in the air and down!

Robert Louis Stevenson

Permission of Charles Scribner's Sons

ROBIN HOOD AND THE SAD KNIGHT

INTRODUCTION

THERE once lived in the forests of England an outlaw called Robin Hood.

He had probably done something to displease one of the great lords or barons, and so was banished from the cities. But so many of the rulers of England were cruel and selfish, and the laws at that time so few and unjust, that Robin's offense may not have been anything really bad after all.

At all events, Robin Hood loved the free, wild life of the forests, and soon became the head of a band of one hundred other young men like himself. They were very fond of wrestling, running, and all sorts of feats of strength and agility, especially shooting with the bow and arrow. The free life of the forests made them very happy, and Robin Hood's few rules for behavior made them just to each other, kind to the poor, courageous, and faithful.

One class of people Robin Hood hated and loved to plunder. These were the rich men who were cruel to the common people. Some of them were barons, some of them abbots and monks. All of them Robin Hood suspected, and he thought it no sin to take away some of their ill-gotten wealth when he could.

The wild woods were haunted with highwaymen and robbers of many kinds, but not many of them were as careful to do no harm to honest people as Robin and his merry men. Here is one of the stories they tell of him.

PART I

"When shall we dine, good master? Would it not be well to call the whole merry band and spread our feast? Here, now, are Will Scarlet, and Much, the tailor's son."

The speaker, Little John, was a stalwart man, fully seven feet tall. He was dressed all in Lincoln green, with a red cap, and as he spoke he waved his longbow, pointing to two other green-clad figures approaching through the forest.

The master he addressed was leaning listlessly against an oak, with his bow on the ground at his feet. He, too, was dressed in green, with a black quill in his cap. He had, in addition to his quiver of arrows, a silver hunter's horn hanging on a silk cord from his shoulder.

"Yes, Master Robin," said one of the two archers who had just arrived, "there is game and fruit in plenty. Shall we not spread the board?"

Robin Hood stooped and picked up his longbow. "In sooth," he said, "I have no great longing to eat until we have some stranger guest who may pay for the feast. Get me some bold baron or rich abbot if ye would dine," and he smiled at his three followers, knowing they understood him well.

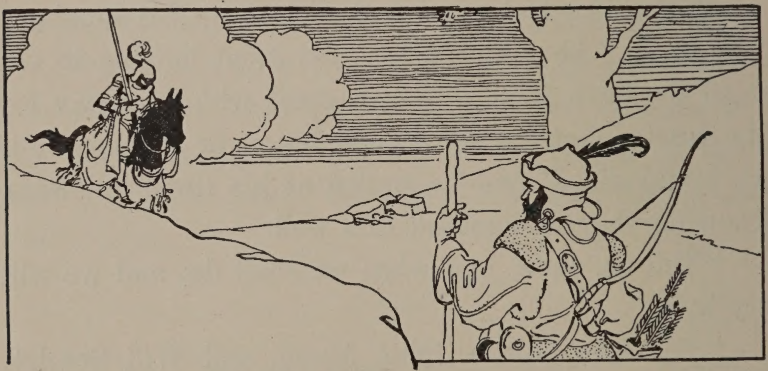
"Tell us, then, just what we shall do, and we will try it."

"Ye three, Little John, Much, and Will Scarlet, may go till ye reach Watling Street which passes through the green wood and there watch for some stranger.

"Look that ye harm no one nor frighten any husbandman nor poor man — nor any knight nor squire who seems kindly. But any earl, baron, or abbot, who has gained his wealth by oppressing the poor, bring to me. His dinner shall be ready."

The three men, in order to hasten the dinner, were very glad to hurry away upon this errand.

When they reached the high road they waited for a time, and at last a horse and rider slowly approached in the shade. The man seemed to be a knight, but he looked sad and drooping. He was shabbily dressed with his cap drawn far down on his bowed head. One foot hung carelessly out of his stirrup, and the reins fell loosely on his horse's neck.



"Welcome, Gentle Knight, to the Green Wood"

Little John stepped into the path in front of the knight and knelt upon one knee.

"Welcome, gentle knight, to the green wood," he said. "My master has been awaiting thee, fasting, these three hours."

"Thy master awaiting me!" repeated the knight, much astonished. "Who is thy master, pray?"

"He is Robin Hood, the outlaw," answered Little John.

"Ah," said the sad knight, "I have heard much of him. Well, it matters not greatly to me whether I dine here or at the end of my journey. I will go with you, my brothers." And with a sigh he let them lead his horse away through the forest.

Robin heard them approach and came from his lodge to meet them. Seeing the gentle knight he doffed his cap and dropped upon his knee to greet him.

"Welcome, Sir Knight," he said courteously.

"God save thee, Good Robin, thee and all thy fair company," the knight replied. He dismounted and Robin, beginning already to pity so sad a guest, treated him with every honor.

So they feasted pleasantly under the thick green boughs. Robin and his hundred men with their guest had a bountiful dinner, with delicately cooked venison, pheasants, and many other kinds of game, besides bread and ale in plenty. At its end the knight said to his host: "Such a dinner I have not had for many weeks, but when I come this way again I will try to make as good a feast for thee. Now let me go upon my journey and I will thank thee greatly."

"Yet follow the custom of the green wood and pay for the dinner before thou leavest," said Robin, looking shrewdly at him. "It was never good manners for a yeoman to pay for a knight."

"Alas!" replied the poor knight, "ten shillings is all my purse contains. How can I pay for such a royal dinner?"

"Little John," said Robin, scarcely believing the man, "go and look in his purse and see if he speaks the truth. If truly he hath no more we will not take his little, but will even lend him somewhat for his need."

Little John soon returned from examining the knight's pocket and said to his master: "He speaks truly; he hath only half a pound."

"Tell me thy story, Sir Knight," said Robin to his guest. "Art thou truly of a noble house? Then why so poor?"

"For an hundred years mine ancestors have been knights," began the other, "and, as all my neighbors know, I have had, until within two or three years, plenty of good money to spend. Now I have nothing left but my wife and children. To help my son I had to mortgage all my lands to the rich abbot of St. Mary's abbey."

"For how much?" asked Robin, who distrusted all abbots.

"For four hundred pounds," he answered sadly, "and I have not wherewith to repay him tomorrow."

"Hast thou no friends who will help thee?"

"Not one," was the reply. "All have forgotten me since I became poor."

"Come forth now, Little John," called Robin to his follower. "Go to my treasury and bring me four hundred pounds, and look it be good measure."

So the great kind-hearted fellow counted out three or four times the sum and brought it to the knight.

"Master," he said, when he had done this, "his clothing is full thin, and ye have scarlet and green and much rich array."

"True," assented Robin. "Measure him three yards of every color, full measure."

So Little John measured the goods, and for every yard he measured two or three feet extra.

"Master," he said when this was done, "we must needs give this knight another horse to carry home all these goods."

"Give him a good gray courser," said Robin, "and a new saddle."

"And a pair of boots," said Scarlet.

"And a pair of gilded spurs," cried Little John.

Eagerly, for they all longed to help the sorrowful knight, they brought all these gifts from Robin Hood's stores.

The knight was thoroughly overcome by so much unexpected kindness and could hardly control his voice as he turned to thank his host.

"Thou art a true friend to the unfortunate," he said, "but I will take this as a loan. When shall I come again to repay thee?"

"One year from this day, and in this place, will I look for thee," answered Robin Hood.

"I will be here," said the knight in a ringing voice, and no longer sad or friendless he sprang to the saddle and rode away to St. Mary's abbey to redeem his lands.

PART II

When the sad knight came back to pay the rich abbot what he had borrowed, the wicked abbot was very angry, for he had hoped to keep all the knight's lands for his own.

But it was too late now, and the knight returned joyfully to his castle. At the gate his lady met him and anxiously asked him, "Is everything gone? Would the abbot not give thee a little more time?"

"Be merry, dame, as I am," he cried, "and pray for Robin Hood."

"Robin Hood?" she echoed, "and what has the wild outlaw of Barnesdale to do with thee or thy debt?"

Then he dismounted and told her all his adventures; so she became as grateful to Robin as he was.

During that year the knight easily gathered together four hundred pounds. In addition he bought a hundred bows and a hundred sheaves of arrows as a present to Robin and his men. On the appointed day he set out for the green wood with a large following of servants.

Now it happened that on the same day two black-dressed monks rode through the forest on an errand for their abbot. They carried hidden in their saddle-bags a large amount of money with which to buy wine for their feasts. The two men sang and were very jolly as they rode along, for they liked to think of the fine eating and drinking they were going to have, though the poor people all about them might be starving.

"What wouldst thou do," asked one of the monks, "if Robin Hood and his men should meet us on our way?"

"Ho!" boasted the other scornfully. "What fear I the outlaw? If I but speak him boldly and tell him mine occupation, he will run right speedily."

"Yea," assented the first monk, "these outlaws are but a pack of cowards. A buffet from my bare fist would knock down a dozen or more."

At that moment three green-clad archers stepped into the road. One of them was very large and tall. He commanded the monks without much ceremony to come and dine with his master. The two — so brave but a moment before — tried to hide behind each other, but Little John's firm hand on the bridles held them, and with chattering teeth they agreed to come.

When they came to Robin Hood's lodge he stepped before them and said:

"Ye are welcome to my table. But tell me who ye are and whence ye come."

"We are from St. Mary's abbey at York," replied one of the monks, trembling very much. "I am high cellarer there." If he thought this would impress the wild outlaw with his importance, he was very much mistaken.

Robin Hood, with all his fine manners, loved a practical joke. He thought he saw now a chance for a little fun.

"Ah!" he said graciously, but with a twinkle in his eye. "Doubtless ye are come to repay my debt."

"What debt?" asked the high cellarer, quaking the more at the mention of money.

"Your abbot had four hundred pounds of my money from a doleful knight a year ago, and today was the day for its return to me. And now, how much hast thou brought?"

"Indeed, good forester," protested the monk, "I know nothing of thy debt. We have but a paltry twenty marks with us."

"If that is really all," answered Robin, "I will not touch a penny. But if there be more it is already lost, for ye are deceiving me."

He made the monks dismount, and Little John looked into their saddle-bags. There he found, not twenty marks, but eight hundred pounds.

"Aha!" laughed Robin Hood, "my four hundred returns to me with four hundred more for interest. Bear back my thanks to thy liberal abbot, but first eat a good dinner with my men and me."

The poor, frightened monks did the best they could to eat, but were only too thankful when they had finished and were allowed to mount their mules and ride away, leaving their money behind.

Scarcely had they gone when the knight with his attendants came in sight.

He rode to the lodge, bowed low to Robin, and said: "I was delayed on my way, good friend, but now I have brought thee back thy money with twenty marks for interest. And I beg that thou wilt accept this gift of bows and arrows for thy great kindness to me."

"Nay, good sir," laughed Robin. "It were a shame to take payment of a debt twice."

"What?" exclaimed the knight. "I have not yet paid thee once."

"The high cellarer of St. Mary's hath but now paid me thy debt with interest. I cannot take it again from thee."

With that he told the knight the story, laughing merrily.

"If thou wilt not take my money," finally said the knight, "take at least these bows and arrows as token of my gratitude."

"Yea, that I will," assented Robin heartily, "and take thou the four hundred pounds interest I had from the monks."

"Nay, it belongeth not to me," replied the knight. But Robin insisted.

"Surely thou shalt!" he said. "Use it if thou wilt to reward those who have been true to thee in poverty, but take it thou must."

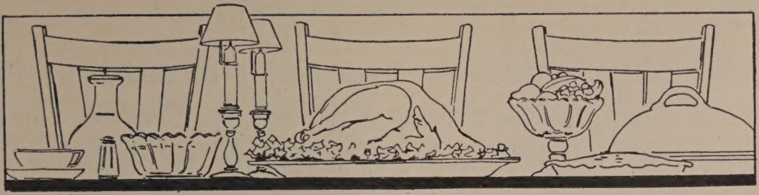
So, reluctantly putting back in his purse his own money increased by the other four hundred pounds, the knight bade Robin a warm farewell, and he and his servants rode away home.

MABEL W. S. CALL

THE HOUR OF EVENING

THE supper time is ended,
We're feeling bright and gay,
For 'tis the hour of evening,
The gladdest of the day.
"What shall we play?" they ask me,
"Come on and play!" they cry;
"There's 'dominoes' and 'authors,'
A lot of games to try!"
They gather thick around me,
They tug my coat and hands,
They cling and dance and prattle,
And shout their merry plans;
So out we march together
To where the games are stored,
And by the fire we nestle,
Around the happy board.
It's thus the hour of evening,
With merry, joyous play,
Concludes with benediction
The services of day.

ARTHUR DEERIN CALL



A LITTLE TEST

A TALE OF THANKSGIVING

PART I

"HE knows everything, I say." "Why, no he doesn't either." "I say he does." "Well, maybe he does; but he doesn't," added Albert with a determination to stand his ground even though the earth swallow him. "Your Grandpa, Henry, may like things, yes, I guess he likes everything; but that isn't saying that he knows everything. Nobody knows everything."

Henry McClellan had invited Albert Kingston, his cousin, to spend Thanksgiving vacation with him. Henry had brothers and sisters of his own, but he had always been especially fond of his cousin Albert. So he had obtained mother's consent to ask him to come on for Thanksgiving, to bring his famous new rugby football, and his Thanksgiving appetite; but he had written Albert to bring nothing that looked like a school book under penalty of the law. So Albert had come, football and all, the day before Thanksgiving. The boys had played football all that afternoon, scraped each other's shins, broken a window in Henry's workshop out in the back yard, broken the clothesline, knocked their heads together in a scrimmage, produced one bloody nose, and all these without one sign of anger or crankiness on the part of either. They were just two fine, healthy boys.

That evening, after they had eaten a good supper, they frolicked with the other members of the household for a while, then they went out to the kitchen and watched mother stuff and truss the twenty-four-pound turkey under the advice and consent of Grandma's comfortable suggestions. That was a fine sight. It was an encouraging sight. It was a sight never to be forgotten.

Later they were seen to unbutton three buttons of their vests, and, with heads back and vests out, to strut into the jolly drawing-room where the only light was the cozy blaze of hickory and crackling pine on the great fireplace. There they were heard to discuss at great length the question whether twenty-four pounds of turkey would go around, to smack their lips at the thought of that stuffing, and to argue about unbuttoning another button. They threw a few pillows, just to show how fond they were of each other, and now, sprawled out on the floor in front of the warm fire, they entered into the rather heated argument with which this tale begins.

Henry, aged nine, insisted that his father knew a great deal, that, indeed, so did Miss Richmond, his teacher at school; but his Grandpa, he was sure, knew everything in all the world. Had he not examined him himself many times? In fact had he not asked him the same questions asked by the teacher at school? And had Grandpa ever failed? Not once! He had always stood one hundred. But Albert, aged ten and one half, was quite sure that there must be something that Henry's Grandpa did not know.

So positive was Albert that he was right, he arose and poked the fire with such vigor that the sparks were ascending the chimney in clouds, and some were coming out into the room. Every time he poked he seemed to squeeze a word out of himself. "If (poke) your Grandpa (poke) should come over here (poke) I would ask him a few (poke) questions which would show just (poke) how little you know, you (poke) foolish."

There is a great deal of difference between a boy of nine years and a boy of ten years six months. The latter is often old enough to be the father of the former. It seemed to be so in this case.

"I have a Grandpa of my"—but just then the stamping of feet outside, the sweet chime of children's voices, the deep, hearty laugh of a good-natured, elderly man, the noisy entrance into the hall, the greetings, how-do-you-dos, handshakes, and general commotion, all told Henry that Grandpa himself had come. Henry turned a pair of happy eyes upon Albert and said: "Grandpa himself has come. You can give him your examination if you want to. See for yourself." Then both boys went out to join the happy crowd in the hall.

It was a very happy crowd of very jolly people that gathered around the fire that evening. The November wind began to howl outside the windows. It whistled down the chimney, and rattled the blinds in a merry manner that caused Grandpa to say that he thought winter was going to set in earlier this year than usual, that it seemed "more as it used to fifty years ago." Dolly and Mary, younger sisters of Henry's, climbed upon the cozy seat, and nestled among the many soft cushions there. Henry drew up his own private chair beside Grandpa, who had settled himself in the Morris chair before the fire. Grandma and Mother worked industriously at some crocheting, aided by the comforting light of the fire. Albert stretched himself on the floor near the fire, as did Oscar, Henry's older brother. Margaret, the older sister, entered quietly and smiling, with her book in her hand, and contentedly watched the happy throng from a rocking chair near the window.

After much story telling, laughing, and eating of good things from Grandpa's pocket, there came a pause in the conversation. Nothing was heard for a few minutes but the ticking of the great clock in the hall outside, the sputter of the fire, and the play of the night winds in the tall pines by the door. Finally Grandpa turned to Oscar, saying, with that simple charm we all have seen in elderly people who have built their lives out of years well spent: "Oscar, tomorrow is Thanksgiving Day. I have here in my pocket the President's proclamation. I like it very much. Will you go out there, and by the light in the dining-room, read it for us so we can all hear? You usually read very well, my boy. I am sure we shall all be glad if you will." Oscar replied, "Certainly, Grandpa." So Oscar took the clipping from Grandpa's hand and read with clearness and fine expression:

"The people of the United States should never be unmindful of the gratitude they owe the God of nations for His watchful care which has shielded them from dire disaster and pointed out to them the way of peace and happiness."

It was from President Cleveland's proclamation. After a few more lines, the message continued:

"On this Thanksgiving may all our people forego their usual work and occupation, and, assembled in their accustomed places of worship, let them with one accord render thanks to the Ruler of the universe for our preservation as a nation and our deliverance from every threatened danger; for the peace that has dwelt within our boundaries; for our defence against disease and pestilence during the year that has passed; for the plenteous rewards that have followed the labors of our husbandmen, and for all the other blessings that have been vouchsafed to us.

"And let us, through the meditation of Him Who has taught us how to pray, implore the forgiveness of our sins and a continuation of heavenly favor.

"Let us not forget on this day of Thanksgiving the poor and needy, and by deeds of charity let our offerings of praise be made more acceptable in the sight of the Lord."

And then there was the "Witness my hand and the seal of the United States," and the rest, closing with the name of the President together with that of the Secretary of State.

After Oscar had finished reading, he re-entered the room and resumed his seat beside the fire. No one seemed anxious to talk for awhile. Somehow, talk did not seem just the thing. Grandma did venture the remark: "Our President must be a very good man or he could not write like that." But Grandma's words were so fitting and genuine that they seemed to be a little part of the proclamation. No one spoke further until Henry, impressed by his Grandpa having that proclamation in his pocket, burst out with, "You do, don't you, Grandpa?" "I do what, my child?' "You do know everything, don't you?" "Oh, far from it, my boy, far from it." But Henry looked at Albert with an expression which said as plainly as words, "I told you so."

Henry's question seemed to wake the others, and Dolly, from her nest among the cushions, spoke up and said, "Tell us about the first Thanksgiving, Grandpa." "Oh, do!" "Do!" "That's right!" "Good!" "Oh, Grandpa!" And Grandpa, somewhat bewildered by so many requests and pullings, replied: "Well, children, Thanksgiving is a very interesting story, especially that first Thanksgiving. You see how happy we are tonight, living in this snug and beautiful New England home. But our fathers who first started our dear New England were not always so happy as we are tonight."

"I know that," said Albert. "We have had a lot of lessons in school about the Pilgrims this week. All about their troubles over religion all the while they lived in England." "Yes," added Henry, "so have we. Our teacher told us all about the life in Holland, the two ships, 'Speedwell' and 'Mayflower.' I don't see anything very sad about that. Seems to me they must have had a fine time, going off finding new lands, shooting wild animals, and such things."

But just then the wind seemed to blow harder outside, the frozen rain seemed almost to cut the window panes. And after a pause, Grandpa took up the thought in his dignified but simple and charming way: "In my mind, children, I love sometimes to wander back to those stalwart-hearted men and women, all unprotected by the terms of any laws but their own, seeking a real home and religious freedom in a western

THE PILGRIMS ATTEMPTING TO ESCAPE TO HOLLAND wilderness. If they had scanty means in money, their hearts were filled with an untold wealth. Let me see, there were one hundred two of them in all, including twenty-two boys and eight girls. I don't believe that it was all pleasure, that September day in 1620, to look for the last time on the shores of Old England, to see the land of their childhood grow faint and fainter, finally to sink forever behind the widening sea. And it was a perilous journey, that voyage of sixty-three days, tossed by the winds and waves, a journey the story of which is burned forever into the pages of our history. I judge they must have been very brave and calm amidst all their peril. You have learned that they had an election aboard ship, that they made a constitution for themselves in which, notwithstanding the severe treatment imposed upon them by their Motherland, they declared loyalty to the English King and agreed to live together in peace and harmony, with equal rights to all—obedient to just laws made for a common good."

Henry felt his mistake in thinking it all fun, and drew closer to his Grandpa, placed his hand quietly in the large palm, and said nothing; but he looked rather triumphantly at Albert who had listened attentively to all that Grandpa had so simply, yet so eloquently said.

But there still lingered about Albert's face an expression which seemed to say: "I am not convinced yet. I guess I can find something that he doesn't know." So Albert began: "I read in my history that they elected a Governor, I don't remember his name; that they had a lot of trouble with the Indians; that Miles Standish was a little man but a bully fighter; that when winter came they were all taken sick."

"Albert is right," said Grandpa. "I meant to say that they elected John Carver for their first Governor. Of course you have learned in school how glad they were to walk upon the land again that twenty-first day of November, upon the site of what is now Provincetown. You already know how they began their settlement in Plymouth just four days before Christmas. During that first winter so many fell sick that at one time only seven of the one hundred two were able to do any work. But that was not all, Albert. Half of them died, including the Governor. The rest could have gone back to England in April, but they would not. They seem to have had wills of iron. They resolved to stay in America. They sowed in the spring, prayed for rain, and a good harvest came at last, plenty of corn and barley."

"What did they do then?" peeped Mary from out the cushions. "What did they do? Well, I'll tell you, Robin. This is what they did. These grand but simple folk came quietly and peacefully together; they talked things over with their new Governor, Mr. Bradford, and in place of a celebration with cannons, torpedoes, sky-rockets, and fire crackers, they sent their skilled hunters into the woods, who came back heavily laden with five wild turkeys, some deer, and the like, and then these good people lovingly feasted together, thanked God, and praised Him."

"Weren't they afraid of the Indians at all?" asked Henry. "No, Henry. They invited Massasoit, the great Indian chief, together with ninety of his braves, to dinner, and they came. Everybody was grateful, happy, thankful. The Indians showed their appreciation of the hospitality which had been shown to them by giving their hosts five fine deer which they had shot."

"I think Thanksgiving is a much better holiday than the Fourth of July," said Mother, who had been a very attentive listener, even stopping her crocheting during some portions of the conversation. "So do I," whispered Grandma in her soothing but convincing way.

"My! but they had Thanksgiving three days at a rip in those times," ventured Oscar. "I know it," said Henry, "but they didn't have any pumpkin pie, did they Grandpa?" "No," answered Grandpa with a twinkle in his eyes, "that remarkable sun, the pumpkin, did not shine for them; but there were the roasted wild turkeys dressed with beechnuts, rare venison pasties, meat stews with dumplings of barley flour, great bowls of clam chowder with sea biscuits floating on steaming broth, lobsters, broiled codfish, salads, cakes, plum porridge, and the Indians brought in some strange-looking but delicious things which no white person had ever eaten before, those shell fish which we call oysters today; and in the center of each of the long tables was a large basket overflowing with wild grapes and plums and all kinds of nuts and sweetmeats."

"Say, Grandma," hoarsely and anxiously whispered Henry back of Grandpa's chair, "are you sure there is turkey enough to go around tomorrow?" Everybody laughed at this, including Albert, who had about concluded that Henry's Grandpa did know a very great deal. He seemed able to pass a pretty stiff examination, anyhow.

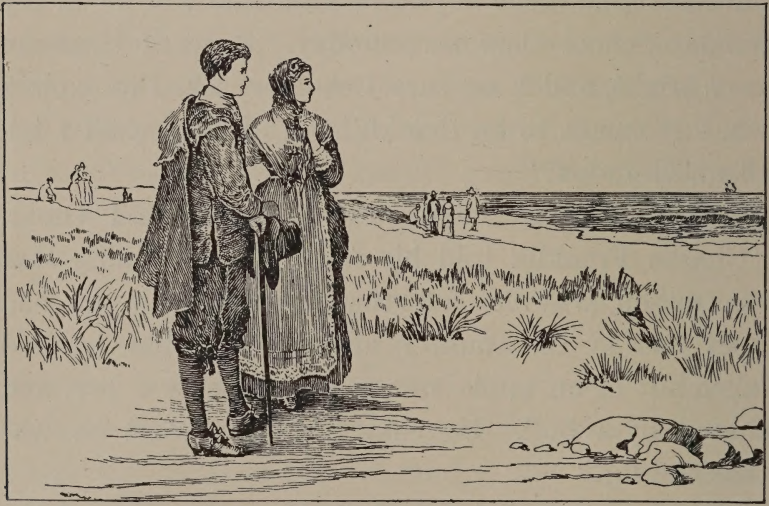
PART II

But another question awaited Grandpa, and this time from an unexpected quarter. Margaret, who was home from college for the Thanksgiving vacation, had been a very quiet listener to all that had been said. She had become more and more interested as Grandpa went on. All at once, remembering the Sunday School class she would certainly be called upon to teach at the old church on the following Sabbath, she bent interestedly forward and said: "Grandpa, I have in mind some boys and girls who will be in my Sunday School class next Sunday. Some of them are very bright, and I am sure I shall be asked to explain what it means to be thankful. And what shall I tell them, Grandpa?"

"Oh, I know the answer to that," said Oscar. "Charlie Franklin told his father this morning that the reason why he felt thankful was that he had been out in the country all summer, that he had fallen out of an apple tree, been stung by a bee, and chased by a bull. He said that was what he was thankful for."

Grandpa and all laughed at this explanation of the thankful spirit. But after the hilarity had subsided, Grandpa turned to Miss Margaret, and, with a tenderness even greater than they had observed before, began as follows: "Margaret, you certainly have profited by your two years at college. You have asked a very thoughtful question. I wish I could answer you as you ought to be answered. I do not wish to be preachy, for I am afraid if I do get preachy that these little folks over here will go to sleep."

"No, we shan't," shouted Henry and Dolly at the same time. "Well, then," Grandpa went on, "if I were you, Margaret, I should teach those boys and girls that to be thankful means more than that feeling we have when someone has done something for us. It means, too, that glow in the heart which burns brightest when we have done something for another. When these little people here took those apples, jelly, and meat to school today for the dear people who otherwise might be hungry tomorrow, there was a bright



Redrawn from the painting by G. H. Boughton

THE RETURN OF THE *Mayflower*

feeling in their hearts which they will long remember. That is why we call it 'Thanksgiving' you know, and not 'Thanksgetting' Day. To be truly thankful, then, is one of the greatest of gifts."

At this point, Dolly, who had nearly fallen asleep, yawned and stretched a little, and piped up for no very apparent reason with this rather remarkable question: "Can a dog be thankful, Ganpa?" Grandpa stopped a moment before answering this last question, and then continued: "I do not think that dogs can be thankful, sweetheart — they do not know enough. They are appreciative, perhaps, but not thankful. To be truly thankful means first to know a great deal. Indeed, little children are seldom really thankful. They do not know enough. To play football well, to paint a picture successfully, to use a needle to a good purpose, to think right thoughts, to be good men and women, to be honestly thankful, means much patient practice, practice, practice! I am afraid many grown-up people do not know what it means to be thankful. No one ever wakes up suddenly and finds oneself with the power to be thankful, any more than one can suddenly become good at anything. You know it has been said of the English poet, Lord Byron, that he wrote one of his greatest poems in a single night, and that when he awoke in the morning he found himself famous. But that is very misleading, children. The ability to write a great poem came to Byron from long, long years of ceaseless toil.

"But, Margaret, I do not forget those boys and girls of yours. I should teach them that they can never be really thankful until they learn to do the little things about the house cheerfully, never to be envious, jealous, or foolishly proud. If, children, it be true that some people judge one by what one knows; and other people by what one owns; it is not so with God. God judges one for what one is.

"I was interested to know why I myself am going to be specially thankful tomorrow, my children. So this morning before breakfast I sat down and made an outline in writing of all the things for which I thought I ought to be thankful, numbering them 1, 2, 3, etc. What these things were would not be very interesting to you, but it opened my eyes to a great many things."

This seemed to please Margaret, for she was seen to make a note on a page of the volume of Longfellow lying in her lap.

"We have a right to be thankful," continued Grandpa with a voice somewhat deeper than heretofore. "All real pleasure is close to being thankful. So I am going to try to be more thankful tomorrow than ever before, really, unselfishly thankful, manfully, hopefully thankful. In trust and hope I propose to be thankful, in joy to be thankful; thankful in the past, in the present, in the future; thankful in my poverty, in my sorrows, or, if it must be, in pain; thankful in meekness, righteousness, mercy, purity, peace." And, looking knowingly at Margaret's book, he added: "I shall be thankful for my belief in that 'affection that hopes, and endures, and is patient.'"

Even Albert was seen to wipe something away from his eye at the close of these words, words straight from the heart of that wise, good man. Albert will always remember that saintly face and the shadows from the light of the flickering fire as they seemed to play upon it with reverent kisses.

All of the children had now gathered around Grandpa with affectionate touches and embraces. Grandma smiled lovingly upon the scene. Mother had, quite unobserved, stolen from the room to the piano not far away, and was softly playing. Margaret, recognizing Grandpa's last words as a quotation from Longfellow, had opened her book to the tale of Evangeline. She turned to where, after all those cruel years of seeking, the sad but faithful Evangeline finds at last, in the hospital, now an old man with temples shaded by locks thin and gray, her long lost lover, her Gabriel Lajeunesse.

But the book was not necessary after all. Grandpa closed his eyes, and, holding the children in his arms and upon his knees, while all could faintly hear the music from the adjoining room, he repeated Longfellow's beautiful words wholly from memory. He began with the lines:

"Motionless, senseless, dying, he lay, and his spirit exhausted
Seemed to be sinking down through infinite depths in the darkness,
Darkness of slumber and death, forever sinking and sinking." —

and he repeated them all to the close where it reads, —

"And, as she pressed once more the lifeless head to her bosom,
Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured, 'Father, I thank Thee!'"

That night as Albert shook Henry by the hand, and bade him good night, he whispered in his ear: "It's all right, old man. Your Grandpa knows everything and a heap besides."

Arthur Deerin Call

GOOD-CHILDREN STREET

THERE'S a dear little home in Good-Children Street —
    My heart turneth fondly today
Where the tinkle of tongues and patter of feet
    Makes sweetest of music at play;
Where the sunshine of love illumines each face
And warms every heart in that old-fashioned place.

For dear little children go romping about
    With dollies and tin tops and drums,
And, my! how they frolic and scamper and shout
    Till bedtime too speedily comes!
Oh, days they are golden and days they are fleet
With little folk living in Good-Children Street!

See, here comes an army with guns painted red,
    And swords, caps, and plumes of all sorts;
The captain rides gayly and proudly ahead
    On a stick-horse that prances and snorts!
Oh, legions of soldiers you're certain to meet —
Nice make-believe soldiers — in Good-Children Street!

And yonder Odette wheels her dolly about —
    Poor dolly! I'm sure she is ill,

For one of her blue china eyes has dropped out
And her voice is asthmatic'ly shrill.
Then, too, I observe she is minus her feet,
Which causes much sorrow in Good-Children Street.

'Tis so the dear children go romping about
With dollies and banners and drums,
And I venture to say they are sadly put out
When an end to their jubilee comes;
Oh, the days they are golden and days they are fleet
With little folk living in Good-Children Street!

But when falleth night over river and town,
Those little folk vanish from sight,
And an angel all white from the sky cometh down
And guardeth the babes through the night,
And singeth her lullabies tender and sweet
To the dear little people in Good-Children Street.

Though elsewhere the world be o'erburdened with care,
Though poverty fall to my lot,
Though toil and vexation be always my share,
What care I — they trouble me not!
This thought maketh life ever joyous and sweet:
There's a dear little home in Good-Children Street.

EUGENE FIELD

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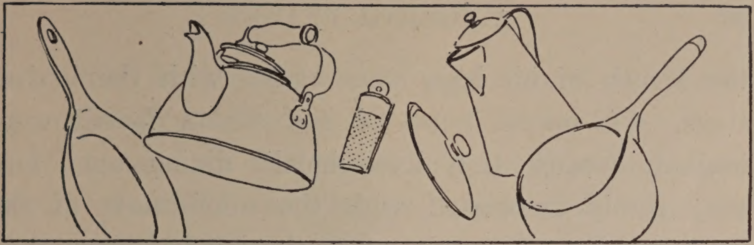


THE TEA-KETTLE'S PARTY

The Tea-kettle danced and sang, and sang and danced, until Mary, the cook, thought it would dance itself off the range; but she didn't know that it felt very jolly, and was telling its neighbor, the Saucepan (who was boiling potatoes for the dinner), that it intended to give a party.

"Why shouldn't we have a party?" sang the Kettle. "We've worked hard enough, goodness knows, for some weeks past. What with Thanksgiving, Christmas, and New-year's-day, we're nearly worn out. Let's rest a day or two, and then have a party ourselves."

The Saucepan rattled its lid in hearty applause, and held out its handle in token of ready acquiescence.

The Poker and Shovel, who had been listening, cried, "That's an excellent idea!" and so the matter was settled.

That evening, after the servants had gone to bed, the Tongs, who was the best walker on account of the length of his legs, went round with the invitations. Of course none of the China family were invited, because they lived in the dining-room, and very rarely associated with the inhabitants of the kitchen. The Tins glowed with delight when they heard of the party, and the young Pans and small Pipkins raised such a clatter that the Rolling-pin gave them several round raps to silence them.

At last the long-looked for evening arrived. All the family had retired, and the kitchen was put in perfect order. The Broom had swept the floor until not a grain of dust could be found on it, and the Tins had polished themselves until they shone again.

The Kettle was so excited that, although it was a winter evening, she was in a state of profuse perspiration, and the Saucepan had her round hat placed on one side of her head in the most knowing manner.

The first arrivals were the Tins. They lived up town, and were obliged to slide down the walls, but this did not dim their luster in the least.

"You all look as though you were brand-new out of the store," said the good-natured Kettle to them.

Then came the guests who resided in the closets. First the Frying-pan and the Griddle stepped out, their broad faces shining with good-humor, and looking as though they fed on the fat of the land.

Next came the Coffee-pot, with the Quart-measure leaning gracefully on his arm, accompanied by her daughter, Miss Pint. Then came the Gridiron and the Dish-pan, the latter wearing an elegant shawl made out of the dish-cloth. The next couple were the Hash-chopper (oh! such a sharp fellow) and the Fluting-iron, who wore her hair in the fashionable style, waving down her back; and they were followed by the two large Wooden Spoons. Some Earthen Dishes and a number of Pipkins arrived soon after, and the party commenced.

The Kettle proposed a waltz, and although, on several occasions, the Dinner-pot had called her black, she kindly forgave him, and, taking his arm, prepared to lead off the dance. An old Guitar in the corner struck up a merry tune, and a small Waiter behind the stove played upon the tambourine.

The Poker grasped the Shovel round the waist and hopped into the middle of the room, the Broom slid off with the Window-brush, the Coffe-pot danced with the Quart-measure, and the Griddle pulled the Dish-pan about so rudely that her shawl fell off, and was found by the cook on the hearth in the morning. The Tins jingled and tinkled, and even the Nutmeggrater, a rough old fellow, could not resist the music, but seized the Apple-corer, and danced away as merrily as the rest.

After the waltz they had a polka, then a quadrille; then the Tongs danced the Sailor's Hornpipe in a manner wonderful to behold. When he ceased every one applauded; even the Covers on the range rattled as loudly as possible to show how pleased they were.

After the hornpipe the Kettle made a steaming bowl of punch, and the Broom proposed the health of the hostess. The hostess said she was strictly temperate, never drank anything but water, but never refused to assist in making punch for those who liked it. In water, therefore, she returned the toast, and hoped they might all meet again soon and spend another pleasant evening; she loved and esteemed her friends, and would like to see them often.

"I'm most steamed," whispered the Iron-stand, "for I hang from the mantel right over the range."

"Joke!" cried one of the little Pipkins, and laughed until he cracked his sides.

The company then dispersed; and the girls, coming in next morning, never dreamed that the Teakettle had been having a party.

From *Our Young Folks*

From original illustration by Edward Lear

THE OWL AND THE PUSSY-CAT

THE Owl and the Pussy-Cat went to sea
  In a beautiful pea-green boat:
They took some honey, and plenty of money
  Wrapped up in a five-pound note.
The Owl looked up to the stars above,
  And sang to a small guitar,
"O lovely Pussy! O Pussy, my love!
  What a beautiful Pussy you are,
            You are!
What a beautiful Pussy you are!"

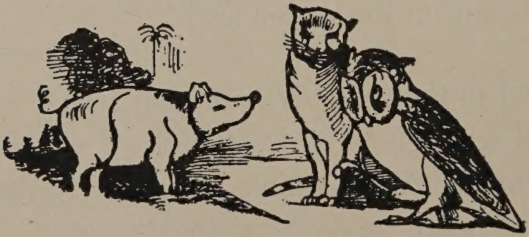
Pussy said to the Owl, "You elegant fowl,
  How charmingly sweet you sing!
O let us be married — too long have we tarried —
  But what shall we do for a ring?"

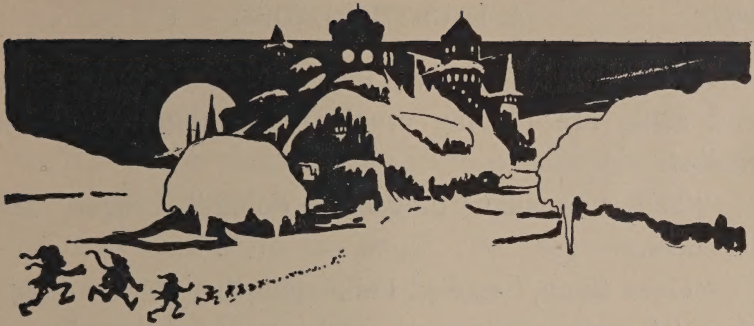
They sailed away for a year and a day
  To the land where the bong-tree grows;
And there in a wood, a piggy-wig stood
  With a ring at the end of his nose, —
        His nose;
With a ring at the end of his nose.

"Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling
  Your ring?" Said the piggy, "I will."
So they took it away, and were married next day
  By the turkey who lives on the hill.
They dined upon mince and slices of quince
  Which they ate with a runcible spoon;
And hand in hand on the edge of the sand,
  They danced by the light of the moon,
        The moon;
They danced by the light of the moon.

EDWARD LEAR

From *Nonsense Books.*
Published by Little, Brown & Company.





DWARFS AND ELVES

THE gods of old, so say the old Norse legends, once built for themselves a glorious city. The strongest and greatest of the gods was Odin, and he was so good and kind that he was the king of them all. Sometimes he was called All-Father.

The lovely city was on the summit of a mountain. In the midst of it, towering to a giddy height, was Odin's seat, called Air-Throne. From it he could see all over the earth.

One day Odin mounted Air-Throne and looked down upon the men of the earth. What he saw filled him with pity.

"Mankind shall not be so tormented!" he exclaimed to some of the gods gathered about the foot of his throne.

"What do you see, Odin?" they asked breathlessly.

"I see dwarfs and elves living unseen among them, and some are playing cruel tricks upon men," he replied.

"Tell us what they are doing," begged his listeners.

"Over there," replied Odin, pointing in one direction, "I see a sower sowing wheat, but a dwarf runs after him and changes all the grains into stones as they lie on the ground. Over there some other hideous little beings are drowning a wise man. I see them scattered about everywhere, doing nothing but mischief."

"What shall we do about it?" asked the other gods.

"I think," said Odin, as he descended among them, "the best thing will be to summon them to my judgment hall and instruct them there."

"Hermod," he went on, turning to his messenger, his Flying Word, "Go you and invite all the dwarfs and elves upon earth to my palace. Say that we must talk about a matter of importance."

So Hermod flew swiftly all about the world and delivered his message.

When they received it the little elves and dwarfs hardly knew whether to feel pleased and proud, or afraid.

However, they dared not disobey, and flocked after Hermod.

When they reached the judgment hall they huddled about the door in a frightened crowd, afraid to go in, but too curious to go away. So they pushed and crowded and chattered and peeped until at last, in obedience to Odin's repeated beckoning, the little people ventured down the hall and assembled in front of him. They whispered and dodged behind each other and tried to hide as Odin began to talk seriously to them.

A Dwarf runs after him and changes the Grains into Stones

"Your mischievous tricks on the earth are wicked and unkind," said Odin sternly. "You must not thus annoy and trouble men." Then he singled out those whose particular tricks it had made him so angry to see. The dwarfs answered his charges untruthfully, however, and they all seemed to think that even the greatest cruelties had been delightful. They jumped up and down and clapped their hands in glee at the memory of all the things they had done.

"Then," said Odin, looking at the most cruel dwarfs, "you may all henceforth live far under ground. You shall spend your days throwing fuel on the great fires away down under the earth.

"And you," he said, looking at the others, "you who have only played mischievous pranks shall work in the mines. You must fashion precious stones and gold.

"All of you may come up at night, but at dawn you must vanish from the air."

He waved his hand and with terrified bounds and leaps and shrill chattering, the dwarfs scattered down the slopes to their underground tasks.

Then solemnly Odin turned to the elves who were weeping.

"You," he began, but they interrupted him eagerly: "We have hurt nobody," they clamored. "Oh, listen, Odin. We are not harmful! Indeed we are not!"

"Do you ever do anything good?" he asked.

"No, no!" they urged, "we do nothing at all!"

"Then you must have something to do," replied the god, "otherwise you will soon be in mischief too.

You may live among the flowers, but you must be taught to do some good."

He looked about the great hall for a teacher, and Niörd, one of the lords of the winds, answered his glance.

"Wait," said Niörd, "I will return in a short time and bring a master for the elves." Then he went out to the edge of a cliff and, looking out over the plains below, sent out two strange whistle calls, one loud and blustering, another low and sweet as a bird's voice. In a moment an answer came and two floating figures appeared in the distance. The sunbeams rested on their golden hair as hand in hand, brother and sister, they flew swiftly in the wind to their father.

Niörd took his son's hand and, followed by his daughter, proudly led them to the judgment seat of Odin.

"Here," said the proud father, "is my son Frey who is Summer. He comes with his sister Beauty. Let him be the teacher of the little elves."

"And what can you teach them?" asked Odin, looking kindly on the beautiful young man.

"Let them come with me," murmured the youth in a voice as sweet as the summer breeze, "and I will teach them to paint the rose and unfold the lily. They shall lead the bees to and fro in the gardens, and scatter perfume in the evening dew. They shall turn the grain of wheat to the blade and the ear. They shall train the young birds to fly and to sing. They shall pile up the sunset in the west and sprinkle the summer rain."

"That is well," said Odin, well satisfied. "Let them go with you."

So the little elves joyously flew away with the fair young summer.

Thus did Odin banish the teasing dwarfs from mankind and set at helpful work the idle little elves.

MABEL W. S. CALL

From a decoration by Walter Crane

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through
the house,
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar plums danced through their
heads;
And mama in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap:
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.

Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters, and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave the luster of midday to objects below,
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer,

With a little old driver so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.

More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled and shouted, and called them by name:
"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and Vixen!
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donder and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!
Now dash away! dash away! dash away all!"

As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky;
So up to the housetop the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas too.
And then in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.

As I drew in my head and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in furs, from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.

His eyes how they twinkled! his dimples how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;

His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow;
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath:
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf;
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself.

A wink of his eye and a twist of his head
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread;
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.

He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night!"

Clement C. Moore

OLD FATHER CHRISTMAS

PART I

"CAN you fancy, young people," said Godfather Garbel, winking with his prominent eyes, and moving his feet backwards and forwards in his square shoes, so that you could hear the squeak-leather half a room off — "can you fancy my having been a very little boy, and having a godmother? But I had, and she sent me presents on my birthdays, too. And young people did not get presents when I was a child as they get them now. We had not half so many toys as you have, but we kept them twice as long. I think we were fonder of them, too, though they were neither so handsome nor so expensive as these new-fangled affairs you are always breaking about the house.

"Now, as I say, my relations and friends thought twice before they pulled out five shillings in a toy shop, but they didn't forget me, all the same. On my eighth birthday my mother gave me a bright blue comforter of her own knitting. My little sister gave me a ball. My mother had cut out the divisions from various bits in the rag bag, and my sister had done some of the seaming. It was stuffed with bran, and had a cork inside which had broken from old age, and would no longer fit the pickle jar it belonged to. This made the ball bound when we played 'prisoner's base.' My father gave me the riding-whip that had lost the lash and the top of the handle, and an old pair of his gloves, to play coachman with; these I had long wished for. Kitty the servant gave me a shell she had had by her for years. How I coveted that shell! It had this remarkable property; when you put it to your ear you could hear the roaring of the sea. I had never seen the sea, but Kitty was born in a fisherman's cottage, and many an hour have I sat by the kitchen fire whilst she told me strange stories of the mighty ocean, and ever and anon she would snatch the shell from the mantelpiece and clap it to my ear, crying: 'There, child, you couldn't hear it plainer than that. It's the very moral!'

"When Kitty gave me that shell for my very own I felt that life had little more to offer. I held it to every ear in the house, including the cat's; and, seeing Dick the sexton's son go by with an armful of straw to stuff Guy Fawkes, I ran out, and in my anxiety to make him share the treat, and learn what the sea is like, I clapped the shell to his ear so smartly and unexpectedly, that he, thinking me to have struck him, knocked me down then and there with his bundle of straw. When he understood the rights of the case, he begged my pardon handsomely, and gave me two whole treacle sticks and part of a third out of his breeches pocket, in return for which I forgave him freely, and promised to let him hear the sea roar on every Saturday half-holiday till further notice.

"And, speaking of Dick and the straw, reminds me that my birthday falls on the fifth of November. From this it came about that I always had to bear a good many jokes about being burnt as a Guy Fawkes; but, on the other hand, I was allowed to make a small bonfire of my own, and to have six potatoes to roast therein, and eight-pennyworth of crackers to let off in the evening.

"On this eighth birthday, having got all the above-named gifts, I cried in the fulness of my heart, 'There never was such a day!' And yet there was more to come, for the evening coach brought me a parcel, and the parcel was my godmother's picture-book.

"My godmother was a gentlewoman of small means; but she was accomplished. She could make very spirited sketches, and knew how to color them after they were outlined and shaded in Indian ink. She had a pleasant talent for versifying. She was very industrious. I have it from her own lips that she copied the figures in my picture-book from prints in several different houses at which she visited. They were fancy portraits of characters, most of which were familiar to my mind. There were Guy Fawkes, Punch, his then Majesty the King, Bogy, the Man in the Moon, the Clerk of the Weather Office, a Dunce, and Old Father Christmas. Beneath each sketch was a stanza of my godmother's own composing.

PART II

"My sister Patty was six years old. We loved each other dearly. The picture-book was almost as much hers as mine. We sat so long together on one big foot-stool by the fire, with our arms around each other, and the book resting on our knees, that Kitty called down blessings on my godmother's head for having sent a volume that kept us both so long out of mischief.

"'If books was allus as useful as that, they'd do for me,' said she; and though this speech did not mean much, it was a great deal for Kitty to say; since, not being herself an educated person, she naturally thought that 'little enough good comes of larning.'

"Patty and I had our favorites amongst the pictures. Bogy, now, was a character one did not care to think about too near bedtime. I was tired of Guy Fawkes, and thought he looked more natural made of straw, as Dick did him. The Dunce was a little too personal; but Old Father Christmas took our hearts by storm; we had never seen anything like him, though nowadays you may get a plaster figure of him in any toyshop at Christmas-time, with hair and beard like cotton-wool, and a Christmas-tree in his hand.

"Well, young people, when I was eight years old I had not seen a Christmas-tree, and the first picture of one I ever saw was the picture of that held by Old Father Christmas in my godmother's picture-book.

"'What are those things on the tree?' I asked.

"'Candles,' said my father.

"'No, father, not the candles; the other things?'

"'Those are toys, my son.'

"'Are they ever taken off?'

"'Yes, they are taken off, and given to the children who stand around the tree.'

"Patty and I grasped each other by the hand, and with one voice murmured, 'How kind of Old Father Christmas!'

"By and by I asked, 'How old is Father Christmas?'

"My father laughed, and said, 'One thousand eight hundred and thirty years, child,' which was then the year of our Lord, and thus one thousand eight hundred and thirty years since the first Christmas day.

"'He *looks* very old,' whispered Patty.

"And I who was, for my age, what Kitty called 'Bible-learned,' said thoughtfully, and with some puzzledness of mind, 'Then he's older than Methuselah.'

"But my father had left the room, and did not hear my difficulty.

"November and December went by, and still the picture-book kept all its charm for Patty and me; and we pondered on and loved Old Father Christmas as children can love and realize a fancy friend. To those who remember the fancies of their childhood I need say no more.

"Christmas week came, Christmas Eve came. My father and mother were mysteriously and unaccountably busy in the parlor (we had only one parlor), and Patty and I were not allowed to go in. We went into the kitchen, but even here was no place of rest for us. Kitty was ‘all over the place,’ as she phrased it, and cakes, mince-pies, and puddings were with her. As she justly observed: ‘There was no place there for children and books to sit with their toes in the fire, when a body wanted to be at the oven all along. The cat was enough for *her* temper,’ she added.

“As to puss, who obstinately refused to take a hint which drove her out into the Christmas frost, she returned again and again with soft steps, and a stupidity that was, I think, affected, to the warm hearth, only to fly at intervals, like a football, before Kitty’s hasty slipper.

“We had more sense, or less courage. We bowed to Kitty’s behests, and went to the back door.

“Patty and I were hardy children, and accustomed to ‘run out’ in all weathers, without much extra wrapping up. We put Kitty’s shawl over our two heads, and went outside. I rather hoped to see something of Dick, for it was holiday time; but no Dick passed. He was busy helping father to bore holes in the carved seats of the church, which were to hold sprigs of holly for the morrow — that was the idea of church decoration in my young days. You have improved on your elders there, young people and I am candid enough to allow it. Still, the sprigs of red and green were better than nothing, and, like your lovely wreaths and pious devices, they made one feel as if the old black wood were bursting into life and leaf again for very Christmas joy; and, if one only knelt carefully, they did not scratch his nose.

"Well, Dick was busy, and not to be seen. We ran across the little yard and looked over the wall at the end to see if we could see anything or anybody. From this point there was a pleasant meadow field sloping prettily away to a little hill about three-quarters of a mile distant.

"This hill was now covered with snow and stood off against the gray sky. The white fields looked vast and dreary in the dusk. The only gay things to be seen were the berries on the holly hedge, in the little lane — which, running by the end of our back-yard, led up to the Hall — and the fat robin, when Patty, who had been peering out of her corner of Kitty's shawl, gave a great jump that dragged the shawl from our heads, and cried,

"'Look!'

Part III

"I looked. An old man was coming along the lane. His hair and beard were as white as cotton-wool. He had a face like the sort of apple that keeps well all winter; his coat was old and brown. There was snow about him in patches, and he carried a small fir-tree.

"The same conviction seized upon us both. With one breath we exclaimed, 'It's Old Father Christmas!'

"It's Old Father Christmas"

"I know now that it was only an old man of the place, with whom we did not happen to be acquainted, and that he was taking a little fir-tree up to the Hall, to be made into a Christmas-tree. He was a very good-humored old fellow, and rather deaf, for which he made up by smiling and nodding his head a good deal, and saying, 'Aye, aye, *to* be sure!' at likely intervals.

"As he passed us and met our earnest gaze, he smiled and nodded so earnestly that I was bold enough to cry, 'Good evening, Father Christmas!'

"'Same to you!' said he in a high-pitched voice.

"'Then you *are* Father Christmas,' said Patty.

"'And a happy New Year,' was Father Christmas's reply, which rather put me out. But he smiled in such a satisfactory manner that Patty went on, 'You're very old, aren't you?'

"'So I be, miss, so I be,' said Father Christmas, nodding.

"'Father says you're eighteen hundred and thirty years old,' I muttered.

"'Aye, aye, to be sure,' said Father Christmas, 'I'm a long age.'

"A very long age, thought I, and I added, 'You're nearly twice as old as Methuselah, you know,' thinking that this might not have struck him.

"'Aye, aye,' said Father Christmas; but he did not seem to think anything of it. After a pause he held up the tree, and cried, 'D'ye know what this is, little miss?'

"'A Christmas tree,' said Patty.

"And the old man smiled and nodded.

"I leant over the wall, and shouted, 'But there are no candles.'

"'By and by,' said Father Christmas nodding as before. 'When it's dark they'll all be lighted up. That'll be a fine sight!'

"'Toys, too, there'll be, won't there?' said Patty.

"Father Christmas nodded his head. 'And sweeties,' he added, expressively.

"I could feel Patty trembling, and my own heart beat fast. The thought which agitated us both was this — 'Was Father Christmas bringing the tree to us?' But very anxiety, and some modesty also, kept us from asking outright.

"Only when the old man shouldered his tree, and prepared to move on, I cried in despair, 'Oh, are you going?'

"'I'm coming back by and by,' said he.

"'How soon?' cried Patty.

"'About four o'clock,' said the old man smiling, 'I'm only going up yonder.'

"And, nodding and smiling as he went, he passed away down the lane.

"'Up yonder.' This puzzled us. Father Christmas had pointed, but so indefinitely, that he might have been pointing to the sky, or the fields, or the little wood at the end of the Squire's grounds. I thought the latter, and suggested to Patty that perhaps he had some place underground like Aladdin's cave, where he got the candles, and all the pretty things for the tree. This idea pleased us both, and we amused ourselves by wondering what Old Father Christmas would choose for us from his stores in that wonderful hole where he dressed his Christmas-trees.

"'I wonder, Patty,' said I, 'why there's no picture of Father Christmas's dog in the book.' For at the old man's heels in the lane there crept a little brown and white spaniel looking very dirty in the snow.

"'Perhaps it's a new dog that he's got to take care of his cave,' said Patty.

"When we went indoors we examined the picture afresh by the dim light from the passage window, but there was no dog there.

"My father passed us at this moment, and patted my head. 'Father,' said I, 'I don't know, but I do think Old Father Christmas is going to bring us a Christmas-tree tonight.'

"'Who's been telling you that?' said my father. But he passed on before I could explain that we had seen Father Christmas himself, and had had his word for it that he would return at four o'clock, and that the candles on his tree would be lighted as soon as it was dark.

"We hovered on the outskirts of the rooms till four o'clock came. We sat on the stairs and watched the big clock, which I was just learning to read; and Patty made herself giddy with constantly looking up and counting the four strokes, towards which the hour hand slowly moved. We put our noses into the kitchen now and then, to smell the cakes and get warm, and anon we hung about the parlor door, and were most unjustly accused of trying to peep. What did we care what our mother was doing in the parlor? — we who had seen Old Father Christmas himself, and were expecting him back every moment!

"At last the church clock struck. The sounds boomed heavily through the frost, and Patty thought there were four of them. Then, after due choking and whirring, our own clock struck, and we counted the strokes quite clearly — one! two! three! four! Then we got Kitty's shawl once more, and stole out into the back-yard. We ran to our old place, and peeped, but could see nothing.

"'We'd better get up on the wall,' I said, and with some difficulty and distress from rubbing her bare knees against the cold stones, and getting the snow up her sleeves, Patty got on to the coping of the little wall. I was just struggling after her, when something warm and something cold coming suddenly against the bare calves of my legs, made me shriek with fright. I came down 'with a run,' and bruised my knees, my elbows, and my chin; and the snow that hadn't gone up Patty's sleeves, went down my neck. Then I found that the cold thing was a dog's nose and the warm thing was his tongue; and Patty cried from her post of observation: 'It's Father Christmas's dog and he's licking your legs.'

"It really was the dirty little brown and white spaniel; and he persisted in licking me, and jumping on me, and making curious little noises, that must have meant something if one had known his language. I was rather harassed at the moment. My legs were sore, I was a little afraid of the dog, and Patty was very much afraid of sitting on the wall without me.

"'You won't fall,' I said to her. 'Get down, will you?' I said to the dog.

"'Humpty Dumpty fell off the wall,' said Patty.

"'Bow! wow!' said the dog.

"I pulled Patty down, and the dog tried to pull me down, but when my little sister was on her feet, to my relief, he transferred his attentions to her. When he had jumped at her, and licked her several times, he turned round and ran away.

"'He's gone,' said I; 'I'm so glad.'

"But even as I spoke he was back again, crouching at Patty's feet, and glaring at her with eyes the color of his ears.

"Now, Patty was very fond of animals, and when the dog looked at her she looked at the dog, and then she said to me, 'He wants us to go with him.'

"On which (as if he understood our language, though we were ignorant of his) the spaniel sprang away, and went off as hard as he could; and Patty and I went after him, a dim hope crossing my mind — 'Perhaps Father Christmas has sent him for us.'

"The idea was rather favored by the fact that the dog led us up the lane. Only a little way; then he stopped by something lying in the ditch — and once more we cried in the same breath, 'It's Old Father Christmas!'

PART IV

"Returning from the Hall, the old man had slipped upon a bit of ice, and lay stunned in the snow.

"Patty began to cry. 'I think he's dead,' she sobbed.

"'He is so very old, I don't wonder,' I murmured; 'but perhaps he's not. I'll fetch father.'

"My father and Kitty were soon on the spot.

Kitty was as strong as a man; and they carried Father Christmas between them into the kitchen. There he quickly revived.

"I must do Kitty the justice to say that she did not utter a word of complaint at this disturbance of her labors; and that she drew the old man's chair close up to the oven with her own hand. She was so much affected by the behavior of his dog, that she admitted him even to the hearth; on which puss, being acute enough to see how matters stood, lay down with her back so close to the spaniel's that Kitty could not expel one without kicking both.

"For our parts, we felt sadly anxious about the tree; otherwise we could have wished for no better treat than to sit at Kitty's round table taking tea with Father Christmas. Our usual fare of thick bread and treacle was tonight exchanged for a delicious variety of cakes, which were none the worse to us for being 'tasters and wasters'—that is, little bits of dough, or shortbread, put in to try the state of the oven, and certain cakes that had got broken or burnt in the baking.

"Well, there we sat, helping Old Father Christmas to tea and cake, and wondering in our hearts what could have become of the tree.

"But Patty and I felt a delicacy in asking Old Father Christmas about the tree. It was not till we had had tea three times round, with tasters and wasters to match, that Patty said very gently, 'It's quite dark now.' And then she heaved a deep sigh.

"Burning anxiety overcame me. I leaned towards Father Christmas, and shouted — I had found out that it was needful to shout —

"'I suppose the candles are on the tree now?'

"'Just about putting of 'em on,' said Father Christmas.

"'And the presents, too?' said Patty.

"'Aye, aye, *to* be sure,' said Father Christmas, and he smiled delightfully.

"At last he was satisfied. I said grace, during which he stood, and indeed he stood for some time afterwards with his eyes shut — I fancy under the impression that I was still speaking. He had just said a fervent 'Amen,' and reseated himself, when my father put his head into the kitchen, and made this remarkable statement: —

"'Old Father Christmas has sent a tree to the young people.'

"Patty and I uttered a cry of delight, and we forthwith danced around the old man, saying, 'Oh, how nice! Oh, how kind of you!' which I think must have bewildered him, but he only smiled and nodded.

"'Come along,' said my father. 'Come, children. Come, Reuben. Come, Kitty.'

"And he went into the parlor and we all followed him.

"My godmother's picture of a Christmas-tree was very pretty; and the flames of the candles were so naturally done in red and yellow, that I always wondered that they did not shine at night. But the picture was nothing to the reality. We had been sitting almost in the dark, for, as Kitty said, 'Firelight was quite enough to burn at meal-times.' And when the parlor door was thrown open, and the tree, with lighted tapers on all the branches, burst upon our view, the blaze was dazzling, and threw such a glory round the little gifts, and the bags of colored muslin, with acid drops and pink rose drops and comfits inside, as I shall never forget. We all got something: and Patty and I, at any rate, believed that the things came from the stores of Old Father Christmas. We were not undeceived even by his gratefully accepted bundle of old clothes which had been hastily put together to form his present.

"We were all very happy; even Kitty, I think, though she kept her sleeves rolled up, and seemed rather to grudge enjoying herself (a weak point in some energetic characters). She went back to her oven before the lights were out and the angel on the top of the tree taken down. She locked up her present (a little work-box) at once. She often showed it off afterwards, but it was kept in the same bit of tissue paper till she died. Our presents certainly did not last so long!

"The old man died about a week afterwards, so we never made his acquaintance as a common personage. When he was buried, his little dog came to us. I suppose he remembered the hospitality he had received. Patty adopted him, and he was very faithful. Puss always looked on him with favor. I hoped during our rambles together in the following summer that he would lead us at last to the cave where Christmas-trees are dressed. But he never did.

"Our parents often spoke of his late master as 'old Reuben,' but children are not easily disabused of a favorite fancy, and in Patty's thoughts and in mine, the old man was long gratefully remembered as Old Father Christmas."

JULIANA HORATIA EWING

(*Abridged*)

EVENSONG

Lay away the story, —
  Though the theme is sweet,
There's a lack of something yet,
  Leaves it incomplete: —
There's a nameless yearning —
  Strangely undefined —
For a story sweeter still
  Than the written kind.

Therefore read no longer —
  I've no heart to hear
But just something you make up,
  O my mother dear. —
With your arms around me,
  Hold me, folded-eyed, —
Only let your voice go on —
  I'll be satisfied.

James Whitcomb Riley

WHAT THEY SAID

"I NEVER was in such company before," said Pine Stick to Shaving, in my study stove late one night. Now, my study is very still all day long; but at night, after I am gone to bed, there is wonderful talking.

"Nor I either," replied Shaving. "You jam me so that all the curl is taken out of me; I might as well be waste paper and be done with it." "Well, suppose you were paper? Paper is just as good as Shavings any day, and a little better than some I know of," snarled the Wad that lay on the grate underneath all.

I had put things in order for a quick and early fire, — paper on the grate handy for the match, shavings and little chips on the paper, pine sticks on these, and over all a bucketful of heavy black coal. So Coal was heavy on Pine Stick, and he was heavy on Shaving and little Chip his cousin, and all squeezed down on Wad so tightly that he stuck out between the grate bars, like a chicken putting its head out of a coop.

"You keep me down all the time," continued Wad. "I used to lie, when I was a newspaper, on the parlor table, and keep company with books; you have no right to keep me down in this way. Quit squeezing me, I say. I can't rattle. Let me up!"

"Let you up, when we have no room to curl and be respectable shavings ourselves! Look at us; we are all jammed out of shape. Here's Chip, and he cannot even turn over, he's in such a tight space. You paper, you are well enough off. You are at the bottom, but you can stick out through the grates." "Try it yourself, and see how you'd like to keep your nose in the ash-pan," interposed Wad.

"You ought to be contented down there, and stop your complaining," said Pine Stick. "We have to carry the load on top of us. But for me and my brothers here, Coal would be down on you. We are stiff and strong; we hold up things. You ought to be contented where you are. If we break down, *then* you'll be sorry enough."

"But see, you jam me all out of shape!" replied Shaving. "I want to turn over and get out and go home to Father Block," whined little Chip.

"Out of shape!" said Pine Stick, "I could not hold up a pound if I were not square-cornered and stiff. It's no matter what *your* shape is. Never mind. Be contented with any shape. Wad is lower down than you, and worse jammed, but he doesn't complain."

"Doesn't complain!" said Shaving. "He's sulky just now, but I've heard him complain. If we didn't keep him down in his place, he'd be up and rattling round our faces as well as anybody. He talks as if a parlor table were as good as a carpenter's bench, and wrinkles as good as curls; but he says we are all nothing but Carbon, and that Wads are the equal of Shavings and Pine Sticks any day. But when he gets talking in that awful way, we just sit on him as hard as we can, and he sulks down and puts his nose into the ash-pan and says he's looking for fire!"

"That's right," said Pine Stick, "we are all of us in a very tight place and have to carry loads. We must not complain. Here I carry all this load, but I don't complain of it, not at all. We must all of us sit on everything and keep things down."

"Except Shaving who must curl, and Chip who needs to turn over!"

Here I heard a little nestle and rattle in the stove. Chip fell through to Paper, Shaving curled a little, Pine Stick dropped at one end, which let down one piece of Coal. The rest of the Coal rolled together and said: "How restless those lower classes are getting to be. We are disturbed all the time. Pine Stick talks as if he belonged to the oldest of the Coal family. Here he is, stuck up in our very best society, occupying as much room as Egg Coal, one of our heaviest citizens. We must cut him dead, even though he blacks his face and talks about keeping down the lower classes."

"He! Why, he isn't a hundred years old yet, and we Coals were growing a hundred thousand years ago." "Put down the upstart!" "Put him out!" "Down with him!" And this was what made the rattling in my stove — the Coal family running at Pine Stick when he began to fall.

By this time I had got my watch and found that it was six o'clock. My feet were cold, and so I rubbed a match and opened the ash-pan and told Wad that he was right, they were all of them nothing but Carbon, and I'd show him a short way to get free. So I touched him on his nose with a match, and he blazed up with gladness, and ran up roaring among the Shavings: "I'm free! I'm free! I'm going up first!"

That let the Shavings down, and then Shavings let Pine Stick down, and then Pine Stick let Coal down, and Coal lay there at last all on fire — learning to be useful before he could go up to be free.

From "*In Time with the Stars*"
BY THOMAS K. BEECHER

Permission of Fleming H. Revell

THE NIGHT WIND

Have you ever heard the wind go "Yooooo"?
'Tis a pitiful sound to hear!
It seems to chill you through and through
With a strange and speechless fear;
It's the voice of the night that broods outside
When folk should be asleep.
And many and many's the time I've cried
To the darkness that brooded far and wide
Over the land and deep:
"Whom do you want, O lonely night,
That you wait the long hours through?"
And the night would say in its ghostly way:
"Yooooooo!
Yooooooo!
Yooooooo!"

My mother told me long ago
(When I was a little lad)
That when the night went wailing so,
Somebody had been bad;
And then when I was snug in bed,
Whither I had been sent,

With the blankets drawn up around my head,
I'd think of what my mother'd said,
And wonder what boy she meant!
And, "Who's been bad today?" I'd ask
Of the wind that hoarsely blew;
And that voice would say in its awful way:
"Yooooooo!
Yooooooo!
Yooooooo!"

That this was true I must allow —
You'll not believe it, though!
Yes, though I'm quite a model now,
I was not always so.
And if you doubt what things I say,
Suppose you make the test;
Suppose, when you've been bad some day,
And up to bed are sent away
From mother and the rest —
Suppose you ask, "Who has been bad?"
And then you'll hear what's true:
For the wind will moan in its ruefullest tone:
"Yooooooo!
Yooooooo!
Yooooooo!"

EUGENE FIELD

From *Love Songs of Childhood*
By permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE KING AND THE MILLER

In the country, near the high road, lived a rich miller. Above the door he had written: "Here lives a man who is free from sorrow and trouble." One fine day the King happened to ride by and read what the miller had written. Now, the King could not have felt very good natured, for he said, "I will give him trouble enough."

So he rapped on the door and ordered the miller to appear. When the miller came out the King said: "Miller, in three days' time I shall come here again and ask you three questions. If you fail to answer them to my satisfaction you must lose your life."

As the miller walked about in the fields thinking about this difficult problem, his shepherd asked why he looked so troubled. "It's of no use to tell you," answered the miller. "I am sure I can help you if you will only tell me," said the shepherd.

Then the miller told him what had happened. "Oh," said the shepherd, "if I may borrow your clothes I will answer those questions for you."

On the appointed day the King returned and the shepherd received him in the miller's clothes. The first question the King asked was, "How long will it take me to make a journey round the world?"

"If your majesty follow the sun it will take only twenty-four hours," answered the shepherd.

"That's well enough," said the King, "but can you tell me how much I am worth in my full outfit?"

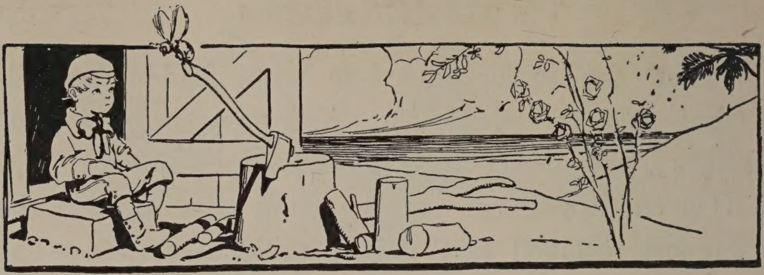
"Our Saviour was sold for thirty pieces of silver," said the shepherd. "Your Majesty cannot be worth more than twenty-nine."

"Well answered," said the King. "Now for the third question and I shall give you no time to consider. Can you tell me of what I am thinking?"

"Yes," replied the shepherd, "your Majesty thinks you are speaking to the rich miller but I am only his shepherd."

The King declared himself well satisfied with the answers to his questions and never troubled the miller again.

Adapted from Danish Fairy Tales



THE TROUBLES OF A LAZY LITTLE BOY

Part I

Once upon a time there was a very lazy little boy. He never did any work that he could avoid, and any task that he was obliged to perform he did unwillingly, and with a long sad face. At school he seldom knew his lessons, because he would not spend the time necessary to learn them; and when his teacher "kept him in" after school hours, the punishment had little effect on him, because he had only to sit still.

One day his parents went off on a visit, to be gone several days. Before leaving, they told him to cut up some branches of trees that were lying around the place, and to put them in the wood bin in the cellar.

After they had gone, the lazy little boy sat down beside the wood, and moaned, and drew his jacket sleeve across his face to remove the tears of discontent that coursed down his cheeks.

"I wish this wood would break itself up and take itself into the house, and that all my work would do itself. Then I should have nothing to do but play. But of course I can't be in such a fairy-land as that would be."

"Yes, you can," said a Bumble-Bee that had alighted on a rose near by. "I have just signaled a number of my fellow-bees and some ants. They are all hard workers, and from them I am going to select a jury to decide whether you are guilty or not."

The lazy little boy did not like the idea of being talked to in this way by a Bee, and he felt disposed to make some rude reply, but refrained in consideration of the Bee's sting, and his ability to use it.

"Suppose you decide that I am guilty?" asked the lazy little boy. "What then?"

"Then," replied the Bee, in a tone of authority, "you shall not be obliged to take the slightest trouble about anything. Your work shall do itself, and you shall be in the kind of fairy-land you just spoke of. That wood will break itself and go into the house, and your other duties will perform themselves."

"Good! good!" said the lazy little boy. "I shall be happy now." And he smiled kindly upon the Bee.

The Bee then plucked a number of rose leaves, and on each of twelve of them there was a dew-drop.

"The leaves without dew-drops are the blanks," remarked the Bee, "and those with dew-drops on them mean that the bees and ants drawing them must serve on the jury."

Then the Bee took these leaves and dropped them into a great new-blown lily; and as he did this he summoned a Bat to come down and do the drawing, because the Bat was blind, and could not tell which leaves were gemmed and which were not.

And the Bat drew a leaf when a name was called, and the jury was soon selected. It consisted of equal numbers of bees and ants, and they sat side by side in two rows upon one of the limbs that the lazy little boy had been ordered to cut.

The Bee that was to be judge sat opposite, just under a large red rose, and looked very severe. A few humming-birds and butterflies lingered around to hear the trial, and an indolent old spider stretched himself in his web, and blinked lazily at the proceedings.

After the Bee had related the story of the lazy little boy's complaint on being asked to do an easy and reasonable piece of work, he asked the jury what they thought about it, and the jury looked very much concerned, as though it had a solemn case to decide, and wished to decide it conscientiously.

So just as soon as the judge bee had concluded his story, the jury retired. The six ants got on the backs of the six bees, and they flew away into a crimson hollyhock that was so high from the ground that no one could hear what they were talking about. After they had been in the hollyhock about a minute they agreed on a verdict, and when they had returned to their seats they pronounced the lazy little boy guilty, and the Bee sentenced him to become subject to his own wish.

After judge and jury had departed, the lazy little boy sat looking at the limbs he had been ordered to chop. Much to his surprise, they began to bend themselves backward and forward until they broke themselves into pieces small enough to fit an ordinary fireplace. When the limbs were broken, the straight pieces rolled across the yard, and down the cellar steps, and over to the wood bin. The pieces that ended in forks and had twigs on them joined twigs as people would join hands, and scampered gayly down the cellar steps, occasionally dancing a cotillion or playing leap-frog on the way. In a very short time the wood had got itself into the bin, and ceased its antics. The lazy little boy then attempted to close the cellar door, but before he could take hold of it, it slammed itself shut, as though by an angry gust of wind.

The lazy little boy was frightened, but as he was being relieved of unpleasant labor, he thought it was, on the whole, a good thing. What an advantage he would enjoy over his companions, and how they would envy him while watching him at play from morning until night!

When he went up to bed, his shoe-strings, which were in hard knots, untied themselves, and his clothes unbuttoned themselves, and after his night-gown had jumped over his head and fastened itself around his neck, the bed-clothes turned down, and then over him up to his ears, and he was soon asleep.

PART II

In the morning his clothes put themselves on, and his shoes tied themselves, and the comb and brush danced all over his hair. Then he had to go down to build the fire — a duty that he disliked very much.

When he went into the kitchen, the lids lifted themselves off the range, the tongs ran across the room, got into the range, and jumped right out of the ashes into the scuttle with a cinder between its feet. The poker commenced poking, and the shovel cleaning the ashes out. This being done, a newspaper rolled itself up into a ball, and bounced into the range; and when the lazy little boy opened the cellar door to go down for an armful of wood, he was met by a whole army of twigs and forks swarming up the steps. They climbed up the coal-scuttle, and jumped into the range, and lay down on the paper. Then a match sprang down off the mantel-piece, and stood on its head on the hearth-stone, and whirled around until it lighted, when it flew up like a little sky-rocket, and descended through the twigs upon the paper ball, and started the fire. By this time the old black pot had hobbled back from the faucet on its three short legs, and was waiting patiently to boil.

"This seems as real as pantomime," said the lazy little boy. And then the stove-pipes nudged each other with their elbows, and thought it capital fun.

While the lazy little boy was thinking about his good fortune, he sat down in the rocking-chair and tried to rock it; but the chair began rocking itself so violently that he almost became seasick. Away went the old chair all over the room rocking as hard as it could, and the lazy little boy felt like calling for help, and having some one catch the chair and hold it until he could get out. Finally he made up his mind to jump out, but no sooner had he conceived the idea than the chair hurled him against the wall, and made him ache all over.

Later in the day he saw an idle dog skulking around the place, and when he went to pick up a nice smooth stone lying near to throw at him, the stone flew off the ground like a bird, and frightened the dog into hasty flight.

Then the lazy little boy walked over to the piazza to get his wagon, but as soon as he got near this favorite toy, it started down the walk so fast that he could not overtake it. It then struck him that if he got on his stilts he might catch the wagon, as he would be able to take such long strides; so he ran for his stilts, that he might get them before the wagon was out of sight, but just as he was about to take hold of them they ran down the path and through the gate, just as the wagon had done. They took longer strides than ever, and he could no more catch them than he could the wind.

Then he thought he would go out and take a swing, because he knew the swing was tied up, and could not fly from him, as the wagon and the stilts had done. So he got into the swing, and it sent him flying back and forth so swiftly that the branches of the trees looked like one great cobweb. He became greatly alarmed for fear the swing might change its motions, and instead of flying backward and forward, keep going in one direction, until it should finally wind itself entirely up around the cross-beam, and leave him on it to get down as best he could.

He therefore made up his mind to jump out of the swing. Just as he formed this resolution the swing shot him into the air, just as the rocking-chair had done, and he fell into a large rose-bush, and his hands and face and clothing were torn by the briers.

"I wish I could get a chance to do something myself occasionally," moaned the lazy little boy.

"Oh, you do, do you?" buzzed the Bumble-Bee, who overheard his remark. "Not long ago you wished everything would do itself for you."

"But when I don't do my own work, everything goes wrong."

"You will generally find it that way in this world," remarked the Bee. "Perhaps you begin to realize that work was put into the world for us to do, and not for us to shirk."

"I do."

"Do you wish to go on having things done for you, or will you take them just as they are?"

The little boy said he would take them just as they were.

"Then do you wish to be released from your own wish?" asked the Bee.

"If you please," said the boy.

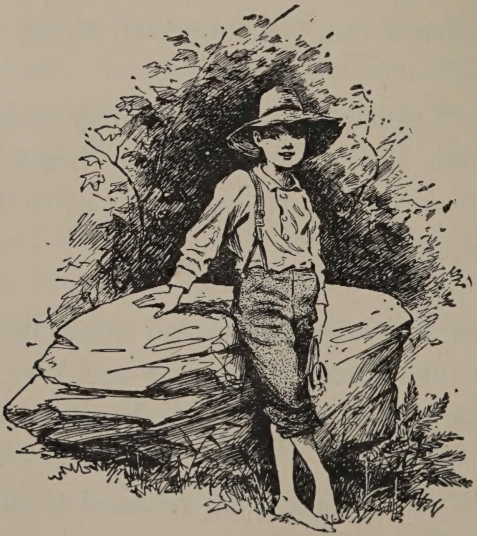
"You know you will have to work?" said the Bee.

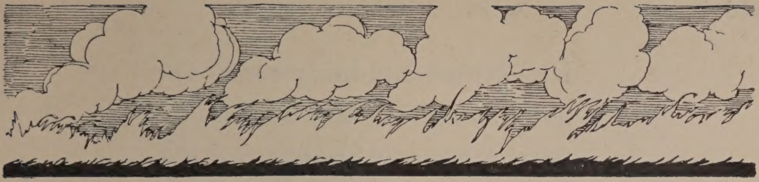
"I think I *want* to work," said the little boy, timidly.

The Bee gave a loud buzz, and disappeared.

And when the little boy found that he could rub his own eyes and scratch his own head in wonderment, and that things did not do themselves any longer, he became the happiest as well as the most industrious little boy in all that great country.

R. K. Munkittrick





THE PRAIRIE ON FIRE

The long grass burned brown
  In the summer's fierce heat,
Snaps brittle and dry
  'Neath the traveler's feet,
As over the prairie,
  Through all the long day,
His white, tent-like wagon
  Moves slow on its way.

Safe and snug with the goods
  Are the little ones stowed,
And the big boys trudge on
  By the team in the road;
While his sweet, patient wife,
  With the babe on her breast,
Sees their new home in fancy,
  And longs for its rest.

But hark! in the distance
  That dull, trampling tread;
And see how the sky

Has grown suddenly red!
What has lighted the west
At the hour of noon?
It is not the sunset,
It is not the moon!

The horses are rearing
And snorting with fear,
And over the prairie
Come flying the deer
With hot smoking haunches,
And eyes rolling back,
As if the fierce hunter
Were hard on their track.

The mother clasps closer
The babe on her arm,
While the children cling to her
In wildest alarm;
And the father speaks low
As the red light mounts higher:
"We are lost! we are lost!
'Tis the prairie on fire!"

The boys, terror-stricken,
Stand still, all but one:

He has seen in a moment
  The thing to be done
He has lighted the grass,
  The quick flames leap in air:
And the pathway before them
  Lies blackened and bare.

How the fire-fiend behind
  Rushes on in his power;
But nothing is left
  For his wrath to devour.
On the scarred smoking earth
  They stand safe, every one,
While the flames in the distance
  Sweep harmlessly on.

Then reverently under
  The wide sky they kneel,
With spirits too thankful
  To speak what they feel;
But the father in silence
  Is blessing his boy,
While the mother and children
  Are weeping for joy.

Alice Cary

LITTLE MARY'S BOUQUET

"Tomorrow is little Mary's birthday," said the gardener, as he examined his flowers. "She must have a nice bouquet."

"Tomorrow is little Mary's birthday," whispered the flowers to one another. "Tomorrow! tomorrow!"

"My buds are all ready," said the rose.

"So are mine," said the sunflower.

The pansies smiled at the thought, but the sunflower held his head so high that he did not see them.

"I'd rather stand in this garden than be put in the queen's bouquet," said a tall hollyhock.

"I've no flowers to spare for any one," said the money-wort, anxiously counting her buds.

"Don't be a miser," said the ragged-robin. "They may have all of mine."

"I would like to go to little Mary," said the mignonette.

"My dear child, don't think of such a thing," said a gay tulip, spreading her petals. "You have no beauty."

“I know it,” said the mignonette, mournfully.

“Never mind,” said the rose; “you have perfume, and some think that better than beauty.”

“Ah!” said the tulip.

“Why are you here, pray?” said a pert little lady’s-slipper to a bright dandelion, as she gave her a sly kick.

“If it comes to that, why are you here?” said the dandelion.

“Because I was planted here,” said the lady’s-slipper. “*You* are *wild*, but I came in a paper bag, with my name on it, and was planted by the gardener.”

“Perhaps I *am* a little wild,” said the dandelion; “but I was planted here; and, besides, I can tell the time.”

“I never heard of a dandelion’s being planted,” said the lady’s-slipper.

“I never heard of a dandelion telling time,” said a four-o’clock.

“At all events I was blown here by some one who wanted to know what time it was.”

“Did they find out?” interrupted the four-o’clock.

“And I thought, as I was here, I might as well grow,” continued the dandelion. “I am good to eat, and I can be made into coffee.”

"Don't say anything about time, whatever you do," said the four-o'clock; "I am the only one who knows about time."

"Thyme! thyme!" said the summer savory. "There are plenty of sweet herbs better than thyme."

"What are you quarreling about, you foolish little things?" said the sunflower. "I can tell time; I go by the sun."

"What will you do tomorrow, when the clouds come over and hide the sun?" asked a poor-man's-weather-glass at his feet.

"I can guess at it," said the sunflower, "but you must be a very poor-man's-weather-glass to talk of clouds when the sky is so bright."

"I feel it in my fibers," said the weather-glass.

"For pity's sake, can any one tell me if it is four yet?" said the four-o'clock. "Here I have been gossiping, and forgetting all about it."

"I can see the clock," said a sweet pea, on tiptoe. "It is half-past four."

"Dear me!" said the four-o'clock; "I promised these buds they should be out today, and now they will have to wait till four tomorrow morning, and then there will be no one to see them but the early birds. It is too bad."

"Only blame yourself, madam," said a thistle.

The four-o'clock made no reply, for she knew she would suffer if she meddled with him. The next morning, early, the gardener came to make a bouquet. He made it of lovely pink sweet peas, purple pansies, rose-buds wet with dew, the modest mignonette, the spicy carnation, fragrant geranium leaves, and delicate heliotrope.

"Every bouquet should have a bit of yellow," said the gardener, as he added a dandelion. "There! that finishes it, and it is fit for a queen;" and he carried it away.

"Just to think! He took that saucy dandelion, and left me," said the lady's-slipper.

"What is a bouquet without me?" said the tulip, tossing her head. "No matter; I shall live the longer."

"So shall I," said the ragged-robin; but no one took any notice of him, because he was a ragged-robin.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS

THE breaking waves dashed high
  On a stern and rockbound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
  Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark
  The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
  On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
  They, the true-hearted came;
Not with the roll of stirring drums,
  And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,
  In silence and in fear; —
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
  With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
  And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
  To the anthem of the free!

The ocean eagle soared
  From his nest by the white wave's foam;
And the rocking pines of the forest roared, —
  This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair
  Amidst that pilgrim band;
Why had they come to wither there
  Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
  Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow, serenely high,
  And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
  Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
  They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,
  The soil where first they trod.
They have left unstained what there they found —
  Freedom to worship God.

FELICIA HEMANS

THE MARKED SHILLING

Would you like to hear a story about a clever Newfoundland dog?

One summer evening an Englishman and a friend were out riding in the country.

Now the Englishman owned a beautiful Newfoundland dog and always allowed him to follow his horse.

He made a wager with his friend that the dog would find and bring to him any article he might have.

So it was agreed that a shilling should be marked and placed under a stone and after they had gone two or three miles the dog should be sent back for it.

The dog seemed fully to understand what was required of him and turned back to get the shilling.

The two men reached home and waited. When after a few hours the dog did not appear they began to fear some accident had happened.

The dog, however, was faithful to his master's orders.

On reaching the stone he found it too heavy to roll away.

While scraping and working, barking every now and then, two horsemen came by.

Noticing the dog, one of them dismounted, and, turning over the stone, saw the coin and put it into his trousers pocket.

Then mounting his horse, he rode with his companion to an inn some miles away.

The dog, who had seen the man put the marked shilling into his pocket, followed closely.

Unnoticed he managed to slip into their sleeping-room with them and waited till they were sound asleep.

Then he seized the trousers which had the shilling in them and bounded out of the window.

Early next morning the master was awakened by hearing the dog barking and scratching at the door.

Great was his surprise to see what the faithful dog had done. In the pocket was not only the marked shilling but the stranger's purse.

As the master did not wish his dog to be thought a thief, he advertised the purse.

Some time after, the owner appeared and everything was explained.

The stranger, after a hearty laugh, declared that that was a dog worth owning.

SUPPOSE!

SUPPOSE, my little lady,
  Your doll should break her head,
Could you make it whole by crying
  Till your eyes and nose are red?
And wouldn't it be pleasanter
  To treat it as a joke;
And say you're glad "'Twas Dolly's
  And not your head that broke?"

Suppose you're dressed for walking,
  And the rain comes pouring down,
Will it clear off any sooner
  Because you scold and frown?
And wouldn't it be nicer
  For you to smile than pout,
And so make sunshine in the house
  When there is none without?

Suppose your task, my little man,
  Is very hard to get,
Will it make it any easier
  For you to sit and fret?
And wouldn't it be wiser
  Than waiting like a dunce,
To go to work in earnest
  And learn the thing at once?

Suppose that some boys have a horse,
  And some a coach and pair,
Will it tire you less while walking
  To say, "It isn't fair"?
And wouldn't it be nobler
  To keep your temper sweet,
And in your heart be thankful
  You can walk upon your feet?

And suppose the world don't please you,
  Nor the way some people do,
Do you think the whole creation
  Will be altered just for you?
And isn't it, my boy or girl,
  The wisest, bravest plan,
Whatever comes, or doesn't come,
  To do the best you can?

ALICE CARY

A MAD TEA-PARTY

There was a table set out under a tree in front of the house, and the March Hare and the Hatter were having tea at it; a Dormouse was sitting between them, fast asleep, and the other two were using it as a cushion, resting their elbows on it, and talking over its head. "Very uncomfortable for the Dormouse," thought Alice; "only, as it's asleep, I suppose it doesn't mind."

The table was a large one, but the three were all crowded together at one corner of it. "No room! No room!" they cried out, when they saw Alice coming. "There's *plenty* of room!" said Alice, indignantly, and she sat down in a large arm-chair at one end of the table.

"Have some wine," the March Hare said in an encouraging tone.

Alice looked all round the table, but there was nothing on it but tea. "I don't see any wine," she remarked.

"There isn't any," said the March Hare.

"Then it wasn't very civil of you to offer it," said Alice, angrily.

"It wasn't very civil of you to sit down without being invited," said the March Hare.

"I didn't know it was *your* table," said Alice; "it's laid for a great many more than three."

From the illustration by John Tenniel

"WHY IS A RAVEN LIKE A WRITING-DESK?"

"Your hair wants cutting," said the Hatter. He had been looking at Alice for some time with great curiosity, and this was his first speech.

"You should learn not to make personal remarks," Alice said with some severity; "it's very rude."

The Hatter opened his eyes very wide on hearing this; but all he *said* was, "Why is a raven like a writing-desk?"

"Come, we shall have some fun now!" thought Alice. "I'm glad you've begun asking riddles — I believe I can guess that," she added aloud.

The party sat silent for a minute, while Alice thought over all she could remember about ravens and writing-desks, which wasn't much.

The Hatter was the first to break the silence. "What day of the month is it?" he said, turning to Alice; he had taken his watch out of his pocket, and was looking at it uneasily, shaking it every now and then, and holding it to his ear.

Alice considered a little, and said, "The fourth."

"Two days wrong!" sighed the Hatter. "I told you butter wouldn't suit the works!" he added, looking angrily at the March Hare.

"It was the *best* butter," the March Hare meekly replied.

"Yes, but some crumbs must have got in as well," the Hatter grumbled: "you shouldn't have put it in with the bread-knife."

The March Hare took the watch and looked at it gloomily: then he dipped it into his cup of tea, and looked at it again: but he could think of nothing better to say than his first remark, "It was the *best* butter, you know."

Alice had been looking over his shoulder with some curiosity. "What a funny watch!" she remarked. "It tells the day of the month, and doesn't tell what o'clock it is!"

"Why should it?" muttered the Hatter. "Does *your* watch tell you what year it is?"

"Of course not," Alice replied very readily; "but that's because it stays the same year for such a long time together."

"Which is just the case with *mine,*" said the Hatter.

Alice felt dreadfully puzzled. The Hatter's remark seemed to her to have no sort of meaning in it, and yet it was certainly English. "I don't quite understand you," she said, as politely as she could.

"The Dormouse is asleep again," said the Hatter, and he poured a little hot tea on to its nose.

The Dormouse shook its head impatiently and said, without opening its eyes: "Of course, of course; just what I was going to remark myself."

"Have you guessed the riddle yet?" the Hatter said, turning to Alice again.

"No, I give it up," Alice replied; "what's the answer?"

"I haven't the slightest idea," said the Hatter.

"Nor I," said the March Hare.

Alice sighed wearily. "I think you might do something better with the time," she said, "than wasting it in asking riddles that have no answer."

"If you knew Time as well as I do," said the Hatter, "you wouldn't talk about wasting *it*. It's *him*."

"I don't know what you mean," said Alice.

"Of course you don't!" the Hatter said, tossing his head contemptuously. "I dare say you never even spoke to Time!"

"Perhaps not," Alice cautiously replied; "but I know I have to beat time when I learn music."

"Ah! that accounts for it," said the Hatter. "He won't stand beating. Now, if you only kept on good terms with him, he'd do almost anything you liked with the clock. For instance, suppose it were nine o'clock in the morning, just time to begin lessons; you'd only have to whisper a hint to Time, and round goes the clock in a twinkling! Half-past one, time for dinner!"

(I only wish it were," the March Hare said to itself in a whisper.)

"That would be grand, certainly," said Alice, thoughtfully; "but then — I shouldn't be hungry for it, you know."

"Not at first, perhaps," said the Hatter; "but you could keep it to half-past one as long as you liked."

"Is that the way *you* manage?" Alice asked.

The Hatter shook his head mournfully. "Not I," he replied. "We quarreled last March — just before *he* went mad, you know" (pointing with his teaspoon at the March Hare) — "it was at the great concert given by the Queen of Hearts, and I had to sing,

"'Twinkle, twinkle, little bat!
How I wonder what you're at!'

You know the song perhaps?"

"I've heard something like it," said Alice.

"It goes on, you know," the Hatter continued, "in this way:—

"'Up above the world you fly,
Like a teatray in the sky.
Twinkle, twinkle—'"

Here the Dormouse shook itself, and began singing in its sleep, "Twinkle, twinkle, twinkle, twinkle—" and went on so long that they had to pinch it to make it stop.

"Well, I'd hardly finished the first verse," said the Hatter, "when the Queen bawled out: 'He's murdering the time! Off with his head!'"

"How dreadfully savage!" exclaimed Alice.

"And ever since that," the Hatter went on in a mournful tone, "he won't do a thing I ask! It's always six o'clock now."

A bright idea came into Alice's head. "Is that the reason so many tea-things are put out here?" she asked.

"Yes, that's it," said the Hatter with a sigh: "it's always tea-time, and we've no time to wash the things between whiles."

"Then you keep moving round, I suppose?" said Alice.

"Exactly so," said the Hatter: "as the things get used up."

"But when you come to the beginning again?" Alice ventured to ask.

"Suppose we change the subject," the March Hare interrupted, yawning. "I'm getting tired of this. I vote the young lady tells us a story."

Lewis Carroll

From *Alice in Wonderland*

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

BETWEEN the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence:
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall!
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall!

They climb up into my turret
  O'er the arms and back of my chair:
If I try to escape, they surround me:
  They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
  Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
  In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
  Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old mustache as I am
  Is not a match for you all!

I have you fast in my fortress,
  And will not let you depart,
But put you down in the dungeon
  In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,
  Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
  And moulder in dust away!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

BETTER THAN THAT

One day the Emperor of Austria, dressed as a common citizen, was driving alone in the country. All at once the sky became cloudy and it commenced to rain. The Emperor was protected from the rain by the cover of his carriage, but nevertheless he turned his horse toward the city.

He had not gone far when a soldier spoke to him. "Pardon me, but will you let me sit beside you in your carriage? I do not want to get my new uniform wet."

The Emperor told the soldier to jump in, and a few minutes afterward they were talking like old friends.

The soldier said he had spent the day in the country with the Emperor's game-keeper, and added, "I had a famous dinner!"

"What did you eat that was so good?" asked the Emperor, amused.

"Guess," said the soldier.

"Cabbage soup?"

"Better than that!" said the soldier in a tone of scorn. "Guess again."

"Head of veal?"

"Better than that."

"A leg of ham?"

"Oh, much better than that," said the soldier with an air of triumph. "I ate a roast pheasant. A pheasant that I had killed myself in His Majesty's forest. It was delicious, I can assure you."

The Emperor did not appear to pay any special attention to what the soldier said. They continued to talk until they reached the city. There the Emperor turned to his companion, proposing to take him to his home. The soldier accepted and asked to whom he owed his thanks.

"Your turn now," said the Emperor smiling. "Guess who I am."

The soldier looked at him steadily and then said, "You have without doubt something to do with the army."

"Yes," said the Emperor.

"A soldier?" said the man.

"Better than that."

"Lieutenant?" asked the soldier.

"Better than that."

"Colonel?"

"Better than that, I tell you."

Surprised, the soldier said very respectfully, "Perhaps you are a general?"

"Better than that."

"Then you are the marshal," said the soldier very much embarrassed.

"Better than that."

"Oh, dear," said the soldier really frightened, "you are the Emperor!"[1] and he commenced to make excuses.

But the Emperor insisted upon taking him to the door of his house, and when he left him told him in a good-natured way that he had better not kill any more pheasants without permission.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

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[1] Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria. Born, 1741. Died, 1790.

THE GAY YOUNG FROG

(*A True Story*)

In the field back of my house, and up the hill, are two nice springs. From one I draw water to my house through pipes, while the water from the other goes to my barn, and to my neighbor's house. The water runs very swiftly, because it is running down-hill. It is far easier to run down-hill than it is to run up.

The pipe enters this spring, not at the top of the water, nor at the bottom either. If it were at the top, the scum would go into the pipe, and a floating bug now and then. If it were at the bottom, dregs and sediment would get in. So the pipe goes in about six inches below the top of the water.

When we are drawing water at the barn for the horses, and my neighbor draws water at the same time for her washing day, the pipe sucks at a great rate. But it draws in nothing but pure water, as all floating things keep at the top and all heavy things lie still at the bottom. Now for my story:

One morning there was a gay young frog about as big as half my thumb — too big for a tadpole, too small for a wise frog. He could go just where he pleased. He did not have to float with the bugs, for he knew how to dive. He did not have to stay at the bottom with the dregs, for he knew how to swim.

One day he saw the little round black hole of the pipe, where the water was running in quite freely. He wondered where it led to. He put his nose in, and felt the water pull, and was a little scared and backed out. But it was such a funny feeling to be sucked that way; it felt kind of good around his nose; and he swam up, and looked in again. He went in as much as half an inch, and then the water got behind him, and he was drawn all in. "*Here goes!*" said he. "I shall see what I shall see!" and along he went with the water, till he came to where the pipe makes a bend for my barn — a sharp bend, straight up. As the water was quiet there, he gave a little kick and got up into a still, dark place, close by the barrel where the horse drinks. "Well," said he, "it's a snug place here, but rather lonely and dark."

Now and then he thought of the spring, and the light, and the splendid room he used to have to swim in, and he tried to swim back against the stream. But the water was on him, or running by him swiftly, and he had no room to kick in the pipe. So every time he started to go back to the spring, he would work hard for a few minutes, and then get tired and slip back into the dark place by the barrel.

By and by he grew contented there. The water brought him enough to eat. He shut his eyes and grew stupid, stopped exercising and got fat, and as he had no room to grow very *big* in the pipe, he had to grow all long and no broad. But he grew as big as he could, till at last he stopped up the pipe.

Then I had to go out and see what was the matter, for the horse had nothing to drink. I jerked away the barrel, pulled out the little plug, and put a ramrod down; felt a spongy, leathery something, and pushing, down it went, and out gushed the water. "*What was that?*" I thought. So I pulled out the big plug, and put down an iron ramrod and churned it two or three times, and then let the water run, and out came a great long red and white and bleeding frog.

I couldn't put him together again. Anything that gets sucked into that pipe and grows up in those dark places has to come out dead, and all in pieces. I wondered how such a big frog could ever have got into so small a pipe. Then a wise lady in my house told me: "Why, he went in there when he was little and foolish, and grew up in there!"

I cannot get that poor frog out of my mind. He was so like some young folks that I have seen. They frolicked up to the door of a theater, or they stood and looked into a bar-room, or they just wanted to go to one ball, or got out behind the barn to smoke a pipe, or went off sleigh-riding with some gay young man without asking leave — or some way put their foolish noses into a dark hole that felt funny, and led, they didn't know where. Pretty soon, in they go. When they want to get back they can't; and they grow bigger and wickeder, and all out of shape in that dark place. If they come out at last, they are all jammed up, knocked to pieces, sick or dying or dead. When I see them in their coffins, I hear folks ask: "How came he to throw himself away so?" "What made him drink himself to death?" "How happened she to go off to infamy?" "How came he to be a gambler?" Then I answer as the wise lady told me about the frog: "They went in when they were little and foolish, and grew up there." A bad habit hugs a man tighter and jams him out of shape worse than my pipe did that poor frog.

From *In Time with the Stars*

By THOMAS K. BEECHER

WINTER BIRDS

I WATCH them from the window,
While winds so keenly blow;
How merrily they twitter,
And revel in the snow;
In brown and ruffled feathers
They dot the white around,
And not one moping comrade
Among the lot I've found.

Ah, may I be as cheerful
As yonder winter birds,
Through ills and petty crosses,
With no repining words;
So, teaching me this lesson,
Away, away they go,
And leave their tiny footprints
In stars upon the snow.

GEORGE COOPER

ABOVE THE CLOUDS

Part I

A boy, whom I knew very well, was once going through a meadow, which was full of buttercups. The nurse and his baby sister were with him; and when they got to an old hawthorn, which grew in the hedge and was covered with blossoms, they all sat down in its shade, and the nurse took out three slices of plum-cake, gave one to each of the children, and kept one for herself.

While the boy was eating, he observed that this hedge was very high and thick, and that there was a great hollow in the trunk of the old thorn-tree, and he heard a twittering, as if there was a nest somewhere inside; so he thrust his head in, twisted himself around, and looked up.

It was a very great thorn-tree, and the hollow was so large that two or three boys could have stood upright in it; and when he got used to the dim light in that brown, still place, he saw that a good way above his head there was a nest — rather a curious one, too, for it was as large as a pair of blackbirds would have built — and yet it was made of fine white wool and delicate bits of moss; in short, it was like a goldfinch's nest magnified three times.

Just then he thought he heard some little voices cry, "Jack! Jack!" His baby sister was asleep, and the nurse was reading a story-book, so it could not have been either of them who called. "I must get in here," said the boy. "I wish this hole were larger." So he began to wriggle and twist himself through, and just as he pulled in his last foot, he looked up, and three heads which had been peeping over the edge of the nest suddenly popped down again.

"Those heads had no beaks, I am sure," said Jack, and he stood on tiptoe and poked in one of his fingers. "And the things have no feathers," he continued; so, the hollow being rather rugged, he managed to climb up and look in.

His eyes were not used yet to the dim light; but he was sure that those things were not birds, — no. He poked them, and they took no notice; but when he snatched one of them out of the nest, it gave a loud squeak, and said, "O don't, Jack!" as plainly as possible, upon which he was so frightened that he lost his footing, dropped the thing, and slipped down himself.

Luckily, he was not hurt, nor the thing either; he could see it quite plainly now; it was creeping about like rather an old baby, and had on a little frock and pinafore.

"It's a fairy!" exclaimed Jack to himself. "How curious! and this must be a fairy's nest. Oh, how angry the old mother will be if this little thing creeps away and gets out of the hole!" So he looked down. "Oh, the hole is on the other side," he said; and he turned round, but the hole was not on the other side; it was not on any side; it must have closed up all of a sudden, while he was looking into the nest, for, look whichever way he would, there was no hole at all, excepting a very little one high up over the nest, which let in a very small sunbeam.

Jack was very much astonished, but he went on eating his cake, and was so delighted to see the young fairy climb up the side of the hollow and scramble again into her nest, that he laughed heartily; upon which all the nestlings popped up their heads, and, showing their pretty white teeth, pointed at the slice of cake.

"Well," said Jack, "I may have to stay inside here for a long time, and I have nothing to eat but this cake; however, your mouths are very small, so you shall have a piece;" and he broke off a small piece, and put it into the nest, climbing up to see them eat it.

These young fairies were a long time dividing and munching the cake, and before they had finished, it began to be rather dark, for a black cloud came over and covered the little sunbeam. At the same time the wind rose, and rocked the boughs, and made the old tree creak and tremble. Then there was thunder and rain, and the little fairies were so frightened that they got out of the nest and crept into Jack's pockets. One got into each waistcoat pocket, and the other two were very comfortable, for he took out his handkerchief and made room for them in the pocket of his jacket.

It got darker and darker, till at last Jack could only just see the hole, and it seemed to be a very long way off. Every time he looked at it, it was farther off, and at last he saw a thin crescent moon shining through it.

"I am sure it cannot be night yet," he said; and he took out one of the fattest of the young fairies, and held it up towards the hole.

"Look at that," he said; "what is to be done now? The hole is so far off that it's night up there, and down here I haven't done eating my lunch."

"Well," answered the young fairy, "then why don't you whistle?"

Jack was surprised to hear her speak in this sensible manner, and in the light of the moon he looked at her attentively.

"When I first saw you in the nest," he said, "you had a pinafore on, and now you have a smart little apron, with lace around it."

"That is because I am much older now," said the fairy; "we never take such a long time to grow up as you do."

"But your pinafore?" said Jack.

"Turned into an apron, of course," replied the fairy; "just as your velvet jacket will turn into a tail-coat when you are old enough."

"It won't," said Jack.

"Yes, it will," answered the fairy, with an air of superior wisdom. "Don't argue with me; I am older now than you are, — nearly grown up, in fact. Put me into your pocket again, and whistle as loudly as you can."

Jack laughed, put her in, and pulled out another.

"Worse and worse," he said; "why, this was a boy fairy, and now he has a mustache and a sword, and looks as fierce as possible!"

"I think I heard my sister tell you to whistle," said this fairy, very sternly.

"Yes, she did," said Jack. "Well, I suppose I had better do it." So he whistled very loudly indeed.

"Why did you leave off so soon?" said another of them, peeping out.

"Why, if you wish to know," answered Jack, "it was because I thought something took hold of my legs."

"Ridiculous child!" cried the last of the four, "how do you think you are ever to get out, if she doesn't take hold of your legs?"

PART II

Jack thought he would rather have done a long-division sum than have been obliged to whistle: but he could not help doing it when they told him, and he felt something take hold of his legs again, and then give him a jerk, which hoisted him on to its back, where he sat astride, and wondered whether the thing was a pony; but it was not, for he presently observed that it had a very slender neck, and then that it was covered with feathers. It was a large bird, and he presently found that they were rising towards the hole which had become so very far off, and in a few minutes she dashed through the hole, with Jack on her back and all the fairies in his pockets.

It was so dark that he could see nothing, and he twined his arms round the bird's neck, to hold on, upon which this agreeable fowl told him not to be afraid, and said she hoped he was comfortable.

"I should be more comfortable," replied Jack, "if I knew how I could get home again. I don't wish to go home just yet, for I want to see where we are flying to, but papa and mamma will be frightened if I never do."

"Oh no," replied the albatross (for she was an albatross), "you need not be at all afraid about that. When boys go to Fairyland, their parents are never uneasy about them."

"Really?" exclaimed Jack.

"Quite true," replied the albatross.

"And so we are going to Fairyland?" exclaimed Jack; "how delightful!"

"Yes," said the albatross; "the back way, mind; we are only going the back way. You could go in two minutes by the usual route; but these young fairies want to go before they are summoned, and therefore you and I are taking them." And she continued to fly on in the dark sky for a very long time.

"They seem to be all fast asleep," said Jack.

"Perhaps they will sleep till we come to the wonderful river," replied the albatross; and just then she flew with a great bump against something that met her in the air.

"What craft is this that hangs out no light?" said a gruff voice.

"I might ask the same question of you," answered the albatross, sullenly.

"I'm only a poor Will-o'-the-wisp," replied the voice, "and you know very well that I have but a lantern to show." Thereupon a lantern became visible, and Jack saw by the light of it a man, who looked old and tired, and he was so transparent that you could see through him, lantern and all.

"I hope I have not hurt you, William," said the albatross; "I will light up immediately. Good night."

"Good night," answered the Will-o'-the-wisp. "I am going down as fast as I can; the storm blew me up, and I am never easy excepting in my native swamps."

Jack might have taken more notice of Will, if the albatross had not begun to light up. She did it in this way. First, one of her eyes began to gleam with a beautiful green light, which cast its rays far and near, and then, when it was as bright as a lamp, the other eye began to shine, and the light of that eye was red. In short, she was lighted up just like a vessel at sea.

Jack was so happy that he hardly knew which to look at first, there were really so many remarkable things.

"They snore," said the albatross, "they are very fast asleep, and before they wake I should like to talk to you a little."

She meant that the fairies snored, and so they did, in Jack's pockets.

"My name," continued the albatross, "is Jenny. Do you think you shall remember that? Because, when you are in Fairyland and want some one to take you home, and call 'Jenny,' I shall be able to come to you; and I shall come with pleasure, for I like boys better than fairies."

"Thank you," said Jack. "Oh yes, I shall remember your name, it is such a very easy one."

"If it is in the night that you want me, just look up," continued the albatross, "and you will see a green and a red spark moving in the air; you will then call 'Jenny,' and I will come; but remember that I cannot come unless you do call me."

"Very well," said Jack; but he was not attending, because there was so much to be seen.

In the first place, all the stars excepting a few large ones were gone, and they looked frightened; and as it got lighter, one after the other seemed to give a little start in the blue sky and go out. And then Jack looked down and saw, as he thought, a great country, covered with very jagged snow mountains with astonishingly sharp peaks. Here and there he saw a very deep lake, — at least he thought it was a lake; but while he was admiring the mountains, there came an enormous crack between two of the largest, and he saw the sun come rolling up among them, and it seemed to be almost smothered.

"Why, those are clouds!" exclaimed Jack; "and oh, how rosy they have all turned! I thought they were mountains."

"Yes, they are clouds," said the albatross; and then they turned gold color; next they began to plunge and tumble, and every one of the peaks put on a glittering crown; and next they broke themselves to pieces, and began to drift away. In fact, Jack had been out all night, and now it was morning.

JEAN INGELOW

From *Mopsa the Fairy*

JINGLE, JINGLE!

Jingle, jingle, up and down,
Sleighs are flying through the town;
Jingle, jingle! don't you hear
Merry sleigh-bells far and near?

Get a sleigh that's large and wide;
Let the children have a ride —
Henry, Ellen, Tom, and Ann,
George and Jane, and little Fan.

Yes, there's room enough for all;
Bring another blanket-shawl;
Tuck them in. Away we go,
Jingle, jingle! through the snow.

Jingle, jingle! now we meet
Faces gay and horses fleet;
And we laugh and shout and sing,
While the merry sleigh-bells ring.

From *The Nursery*

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

FROM GRIMM'S "HOUSEHOLD TALES"

In times past there lived a king and queen, who said to each other every day of their lives, "Would that we had a child!" and yet they had none. But it happened once that when the queen was bathing, there came a frog out of the water, and he squatted on the ground, and said to her: —

"Thy wish shall be fulfilled; before a year has gone by, thou shalt bring a daughter into the world."

And as the frog foretold, so it happened; and the queen bore a daughter so beautiful that the king could not contain himself for joy, and he ordained a great feast. Not only did he bid to it his relations, friends, and acquaintances, but also the wise women, that they might be kind and favorable to the child. There were thirteen of them in his kingdom, but, as he had only provided twelve golden plates for them to eat from, one of them had to be left out. However, the feast was celebrated with all splendor; and as it drew to an end, the wise women stood forward to present to the child their wonderful gifts; one bestowed virtue, one beauty, a third riches, and so on, whatever there is in the world to wish for. And when eleven of them had had their say, in came the uninvited thirteenth, burning to revenge herself, and, without greeting or showing respect, she cried with a loud voice: — "In the fifteenth year of her age the princess shall prick herself with a spindle and shall fall down dead."

Without speaking one more word she turned away and left the hall. Everyone was terrified at her saying, when the twelfth came forward, for she had not yet bestowed her gift, and though she could not do away with the evil prophecy, yet she could soften it; so she said: "The princess shall not die, but fall into a deep sleep for a hundred years."

Now the king, being desirous of saving his child even from this misfortune, gave commandment that all the spindles in his kingdom should be burnt up.

The maiden grew up, adorned with all the gifts of the wise women; and she was so lovely, modest, sweet, and kind and clever, that no one who saw her could help loving her.

It happened one day, she being already fifteen years old, that the king and queen rode abroad, and the maiden was left behind alone in the castle. She wandered about into all the nooks and corners, and into all the chambers and parlors, as the fancy took her, till at last she came to an old tower. She climbed the narrow winding stair which led to a little door, with a rusty key sticking out of the lock; she turned the key, and the door opened, and there in the little room sat an old woman with a spindle, diligently spinning her flax.

"Good day, mother," said the princess. "What are you doing?"

"I am spinning," answered the old woman, nodding her head.

"What thing is that that twirls round so briskly?" asked the maiden, and, taking the spindle into her hand, she began to spin; but no sooner had she touched it than the evil prophecy was fulfilled, and she pricked her finger with it. In that very moment she fell back on the bed that stood there, and lay in a deep sleep. And this sleep fell upon the whole castle; the king and queen, who had returned and were in the great hall, fell fast asleep, and with them the whole court. The horses in their stalls, the dogs in the yard, the pigeons on the roof, the flies on the wall, the very fire that flickered on the hearth, became still, and slept like the rest; and the meat on the spit ceased roasting, and the cook, who was going to pull the scullion's hair for some mistake he had made, let him go, and went to sleep.

From an illustration by Walter Crane

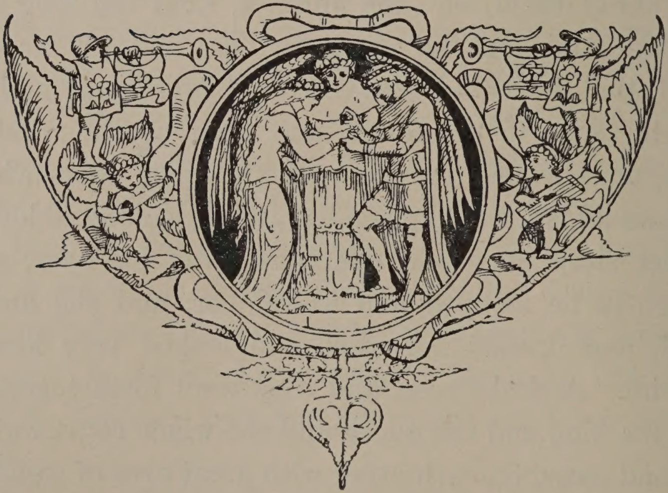
And the wind ceased, and not a leaf fell from the trees about the castle.

Then round about that place there grew a hedge of thorns thicker every year, until at last the whole castle was hidden from view, and nothing of it could be seen but the vane on the roof. And a rumor went abroad in all that country of the beautiful Rosamond, for so was the princess called; and from time to time many kings' sons came and tried to force their way through the hedge; but it was impossible for them to do so, for the thorns held them fast together like strong hands, and the young men were caught by them, and, not being able to get free, there died a lamentable death.

Many a long year after, there came a king's son into that country, and he heard an old man tell how there should be a castle standing behind the hedge of thorns, and that there a beautiful enchanted princess named Rosamond had slept for a hundred years, and with her the king and queen and the whole court. The old man had been told by his grandfather that many kings' sons had sought to pass the thorn hedge, but had been caught and pierced by the thorns and had died a miserable death. Then said the young man: "Nevertheless, I do not fear to try; I shall win through and see the lovely Rosamond." The good old man tried to dissuade him, but he would not listen to his words.

For now the hundred years were at an end, and the day had come when Rosamond should be awakened. When the prince drew near the hedge of thorns, it was changed to a hedge of beautiful large flowers, which parted and bent aside to let him pass, and then closed behind him in a thick hedge. When he reached the castle yard, he saw the horses and brindled hunting dogs lying asleep, and on the roof the pigeons were sitting with their heads under their wings. And when he came indoors, the flies on the wall were asleep, the cook in the kitchen had her hand uplifted to strike the scullion, and the kitchen-maid had the black fowl on her lap ready to pluck. Then he mounted higher, and saw in the hall the whole court lying asleep, and above them, on their thrones, slept the king and queen. And still he went farther, and all was so quiet that he could hear his own breathing; and at last he came to the tower, and went up the winding stair, and opened the door of the little room where Rosamond lay. And when he saw her looking so lovely in her sleep, he could not turn away his eyes; and presently he stooped and kissed her, and she awakened, and opened her eyes, and looked very kindly on him. And she rose, and they went forth together, and the king and the queen and the whole court waked up, and gazed on each other with great eyes of wonderment. And the horses in the yard got up and shook themselves, the hounds sprang up and wagged their tails, the pigeons on the roof drew their heads from under their wings, looked round, and flew into the field, the flies on the wall crept on a little farther, the joint on the spit began to roast, the cook gave the scullion such a box on the ear that he roared out, and the maid went on plucking the fowl.

Then the wedding of the prince and Rosamond was held with all splendor, and they lived very happily together until their lives' end.



PRUDENT HANS

One day, Hans' mother said, "Where are you going, Hans?"

Hans answered, "To Grethel's, mother."

"Manage well, Hans."

"All right! Goodbye, mother."

"Goodbye, Hans."

Then Hans came to Grethel's. "Good morning, Grethel."

"Good morning, Hans. What have you brought me today?"

"I have brought nothing, but I want something."

So Grethel gave Hans a needle; and then he said, "Goodbye, Grethel," and she said, "Goodbye, Hans."

Hans carried the needle away with him, and stuck it in a hay-cart that was going along, and he followed it home.

"Good evening, mother."

"Good evening, Hans. Where have you been?"

"To Grethel's, mother."

"What did you take her?"

"I took nothing, but I brought away something."

"What did Grethel give you?"

"A needle, mother."

"What did you do with it, Hans?"

"Stuck it in the hay-cart."

"That was very stupid of you, Hans. You should have stuck it in your sleeve."

"All right, mother! I'll do better next time."

When next time came, Hans's mother said, "Where are you going, Hans?"

"To Grethel's, mother."

"Manage well, Hans."

"All right! Goodbye, mother."

"Goodbye, Hans."

Then Hans came to Grethel. "Good morning, Grethel."

"Good morning, Hans. What have you brought me today?"

"I've brought nothing, but I want something."

So Grethel gave Hans a knife, and then he said, "Goodbye, Grethel," and she said, "Goodbye, Hans."

Hans took the knife away with him, and stuck it in his sleeve, and went home.

"Good evening, mother."

"Good evening, Hans. Where have you been?"

"To Grethel's."

"What did you take her?"

"I took nothing, but I brought away something."

"What did Grethel give you, Hans?"

"A knife, mother."

"What did you do with it, Hans?"

"Stuck it in my sleeve, mother."

"That was very stupid of you, Hans. You should have put it in your pocket."

"All right, mother! I'll do better next time."

When next time came, Hans's mother said, "Where to, Hans?"

"To Grethel's, mother."

"Manage well, Hans."

"All right! Goodbye, mother."

"Goodbye, Hans."

So Hans came to Grethel's. "Good morning, Grethel."

"Good morning, Hans. What have you brought me to-day?"

"I've brought nothing, but I want to take away something."

So Grethel gave Hans a young goat; then he said, "Goodbye, Grethel," and she said, "Goodbye, Hans."

So Hans carried off the goat, and tied its legs together, and put it in his pocket, and by the time he got home it was suffocated.

"Good evening, mother."

"Good evening, Hans. Where have you been?"

"To Grethel's, mother."

"What did you take her, Hans?"

"I took nothing, but I brought away something."

"What did Grethel give you, Hans?"

"A goat, mother."

"What did you do with it, Hans?"

"Put it in my pocket, mother."

"That was very stupid of you, Hans. You should have tied a cord round its neck, and led it home."

"All right, mother! I'll do better next time."

Then when next time came, "Where to, Hans?"

"To Grethel's, mother."

"Manage well, Hans."

"All right! Goodbye, mother."

"Goodbye, Hans."

Then Hans came to Grethel's. "Good morning, Grethel."

"Good morning, Hans. What have you brought me today?"

"I've brought nothing, but I want to take away something."

So Grethel gave Hans a piece of bacon. Then he said, "Goodbye, Grethel."

She said, "Goodbye, Hans."

Hans took the bacon, and tied a string round it, and dragged it after him on his way home, and the dogs came and ate it up, so that when he got home he had the string in his hand, and nothing at the other end of it.

"Good evening, mother."

"Good evening, Hans. Where have you been?"

"To Grethel's, mother."

"What did you take her, Hans?"

"I took her nothing, but I brought away something."

"What did Grethel give you, Hans?"

"A piece of bacon, mother."

"What did you do with it, Hans?"

"I tied a piece of string to it, and led it home, but the dogs ate it, mother."

"That was very stupid of you, Hans. You ought to have carried it on your head."

"All right! I'll do better next time, mother."

When next time came, "Where to, Hans?"

"To Grethel's, mother."

"Manage well, Hans."

"All right! Goodbye, mother."

"Goodbye, Hans."

Then Hans came to Grethel's. "Good morning, Grethel."

"Good morning, Hans. What have you brought me?"

"I have brought nothing, but I want something."

So Grethel gave Hans a calf. "Goodbye, Grethel."

"Goodbye Hans."

Hans took the calf, and set it on his head, and carried it home, and the calf scratched his face.

"Good evening, mother."

"Good evening, Hans. Where have you been?"

"To Grethel's, mother."

"What did you take her?"

"I took nothing, but I brought away something."

"What did Grethel give you, Hans?"

"A calf, mother."

"What did you do with the calf, Hans?"

"I carried it home on my head, but it scratched my face."

"That was very stupid of you, Hans. You ought to have led home the calf, and tied it to the manger."

"All right! I'll do better next time, mother."

When next time came, "Where to, Hans?"

"To Grethel's, mother."

"Manage well, Hans."

"All right, mother! Goodbye."

Then Hans came to Grethel's. "Good morning, Grethel."

"Good morning, Hans. What have you brought?"

"I have brought nothing, but I want to take away something."

Then Grethel said to Hans. "You shall take away me."

Then Hans took Grethel, and tied a rope round her neck, and led her home, and fastened her up to the manger, and went to his mother.

"Good evening, mother."

"Good evening, Hans. Where have you been?"

"To Grethel's, mother."

"What did you take her, Hans?"

"Nothing, mother."

"What did Grethel give you, Hans?"

"Nothing but herself, mother."

"Where have you left Grethel, Hans?"

"I led her home with a rope, and tied her up to the manger to eat hay, mother."

"That was very stupid of you, Hans. You should have cast sheep's eyes at her."

"All right, mother! I'll do better next time."

Then Hans went into the stable, and taking all the eyes out of the sheep, he threw them in Grethel's face. Then Grethel was angry, and, getting loose, she ran away and became the bride of another.

From "*Grimm's Household Stories*"

IN A GARDEN

Baby, see the flowers!
— Baby sees
Fairer things than these,
Fairer though they be than dreams of ours.

Baby, hear the birds!
— Baby knows
Better songs than those,
Sweeter though they sound than sweetest words.

Baby, see the moon!
— Baby's eyes
Laugh to watch it rise,
Answering light with love and night with noon.

Baby, hear the sea!
— Baby's face
Takes a graver grace,
Touched with wonder what the sound may be.

Baby, see the star!
— Baby's hand
Opens warm and bland,
Calm in claim of all things fair that are.

Baby, hear the bells!
— Baby's head
Bows, as ripe for bed;
Now the flowers curl round and close their cells.

Baby, flowers of light,
Sleep and see
Brighter dreams than we,
Till good day shall smile away good night.

Algernon Charles Swinburne

THE HOBYAHS

AN OLD ENGLISH TALE

Once upon a time there lived a little old man and a little old woman in a house all made of hemp stalks. And they had a little dog named Turpie who always barked when anyone came near the house.

One night when the little old man and the little old woman were fast asleep, creep, creep through the woods came the Hobyahs, skipping along on the tips of their toes.

"Tear down the hemp stalks. Eat up the little old man, and carry away the little old woman," cried the Hobyahs.

Then little dog Turpie ran out, barking loudly, and he frightened the Hobyahs so that they ran away home again.

But the little old man woke from his dreams, and he said, "Little dog Turpie barks so loudly that I can neither slumber nor sleep. In the morning I will take off his tail."

So when it came morning the little old man took off little dog Turpie's tail to cure him of barking.

The second night along came the Hobyahs, creep, creep through the woods, skipping along on the tips of their toes, and they cried, "Tear down the hemp stalks. Eat the little old man, and carry away the little old woman."

Then the little dog Turpie ran out again, barking so loudly that he frightened the Hobyahs, and they ran away home again.

But the little old man tossed in his sleep, and he said, "Little dog Turpie barks so loudly that I can neither slumber nor sleep. In the morning I will take off his legs."

So when it came morning the little old man took off Turpie's legs to cure him of barking.

The third night the Hobyahs came again, skipping along on the tips of their toes, and they called out, "Tear down the hemp stalks. Eat up the little old man, and carry away the little old woman."

Then little dog Turpie barked very loudly, and he frightened the Hobyahs so that they ran away home again.

But the little old man heard Turpie, and he sat up in bed, and he said, "Little dog Turpie barks so loudly that I can neither slumber nor sleep. In the morning I will take off his head."

So when it came morning the little old man took off Turpie's head, and then Turpie could not bark any more.

That night the Hobyahs came again, skipping along on the tips of their toes, and they called out, "Tear down the hemp stalks. Eat the little old man, and carry off the little old woman."

Now, since little dog Turpie could not bark any more, there was no one to frighten the Hobyahs away. They tore down the hemp stalks. They took the little old woman away in their bag, but the little old man they could not get, for he hid himself under the bed.

Then the Hobyahs hung the bag which held the little old woman up in their house, and they poked it with their fingers, and they cried, "Look you! Look you!"

But when it came daylight they went to sleep, for Hobyahs, you know, sleep all day.

The little old man was very sorry when he found that the little old woman was gone. He knew then what a good little dog Turpie had been to guard the house at night, so he fetched Turpie's tail, and his legs, and his head, and gave them back to him again.

Then Turpie went sniffing and snuffing along to find the little old woman, and soon came to the Hobyahs' house. He heard the little old woman crying in the bag, and he saw that the Hobyahs were all fast asleep. So he went inside.

Then he cut open the bag with his sharp teeth, and the little old woman hopped out and ran home, but Turpie got inside the bag to hide.

When it came night the Hobyahs woke up, and they went to the bag and they poked it with their long fingers, crying, "Look you! Look you!"

But out of the bag jumped little dog Turpie, and he ate every one of the Hobyahs. And that is why there are not any Hobyahs now.

SWEET AND LOW

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
  Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
  Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
  Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
  Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon:
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

From *The Princess* Alfred Tennyson

MY GARDEN ACQUAINTANCE

THE robins, by constant attacks and annoyance, have succeeded in driving off the blue jays who used to build in our pines, their gay colors and quaint noisy ways making them welcome and amusing neighbors.

I once had the chance of doing a kindness to a household of them, which they received very kindly.

I had had my eye for some time upon a nest, and was puzzled by a constant fluttering of what seemed full-grown wings in it whenever I drew nigh. At last I climbed the tree, in spite of angry protests from the old birds against my intrusion.

The mystery had a very simple solution. In building the nest, a long piece of packthread had been somewhat loosely woven in. Three of the young had contrived to entangle themselves in it, and had become full-grown without being able to launch themselves upon the air.

One was unharmed; another had so tightly twisted the cord about its shank that one foot was curled up and seemed paralyzed; the third, in its struggles to escape, had sawn through the flesh of the thigh and so much harmed itself that I thought it humane to put an end to its misery.

When I took out my knife to cut their hempen bonds, the heads of the family seemed to devise my friendly intent. Suddenly ceasing their cries and threats, they perched quietly within reach of my hand, and watched me in my work of manumission.[1]

This, owing to the fluttering of terror of the prisoners, was an affair of some delicacy; but erelong I was rewarded by seeing one of them fly away to a neighboring tree, while the cripple, making a parachute of his wings, came lightly to the ground, and hopped off as well as he could with one leg, obsequiously waited on by his elders.

A week later I had the satisfaction of meeting him in the pine-walk, in good spirits, and already so far recovered as to be able to balance himself with the lame foot. I have no doubt that in his old age he accounted for his lameness by some handsome story of a wound received at the famous Battle of the Pines, when our tribe, overcome by numbers, was driven from its ancient camping-ground.

Adapted from *My Study Windows*
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

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[1] Setting free.

HOW THE CLIFF WAS CLAD

Between two cliffs lay a deep ravine, with a full stream rolling heavily through it over boulders and rough ground. It was high and steep, and one side was bare, save at the foot, where clustered a thick, fresh wood, so close to the stream that the mist from the water lay upon the foliage in spring and autumn. The trees stood looking upwards and forwards, unable to move either way.

"What if we were to clothe the Cliff?" said the Juniper one day to the foreign Oak that stood next to him. The Oak looked down to find out who was speaking, and then looked up again without answering a word. The Stream worked so hard that it grew white; the North Wind rushed through the ravine, and shrieked in the fissures; and the bare Cliff hung heavily over and felt cold.

"What if we were to clothe the Cliff?" said the Juniper to the Fir in the other side.

"Well, if anybody is to do it, I suppose we must," replied the Fir, stroking his beard. "What dost thou think?" he added, looking over to the Birch.

"By all means let's clothe it," answered the Birch, glancing timidly toward the Cliff, which hung over her so heavily that she felt as if she could scarcely breathe. And thus, although they were but three, they agreed to clothe the Cliff.

The Juniper went first. When they had gone a little way they met the Heather. The Juniper seemed as though he meant to pass her by.

"Nay, let us take the Heather with us," said the Fir. So on went the Heather. Soon the Juniper began to slip.

"Lay hold on me," said the Heather. The Juniper did so, and where there was only a little crevice the Heather put in one finger, and when she had got in one finger the Juniper put in his whole hand. They crawled and climbed, the Fir heavily behind with the Birch.

"It is a work of charity," said the Birch.

Now the Cliff began to ponder what these little things could be that came clambering up it. And when it had thought over this a few hundred years, it sent down a little Brook to see about it. It was just spring flood, and the Brook rushed on till she met the Heather.

"Dear, dear Heather, canst thou not let me pass? I am so little," said the Brook. The Heather, being very busy, only raised herself a little, and worked on. The Brook slipped under her, and ran onwards.

"Dear, dear Juniper, canst thou not let me pass? I am so little," said the Brook. The Juniper glanced sharply at her; but as the Heather had let her pass, he thought he might do as well. The Brook slipped under him, and ran on till she came where the Fir stood panting on a crag.

"Dear, dear Fir, canst thou not let me pass? I am so little," the Brook said, fondly kissing the Fir on his foot. The Fir felt bashful and let her pass. But the Birch made way before the Brook asked.

"He, he, he!" laughed the Brook, as she grew larger. "Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the Brook again, pushing the Heather and Juniper, Fir and Birch, forwards and backwards, up and down, on the great crags. The Cliff sat for many hundred years after, pondering whether it did not smile a little that day.

It was clear that the Cliff did not wish to be clad. The Heather felt so vexed that she turned green again, and then she went on.

"Never mind, take courage," said the Heather.

The Juniper sat up to look at the Heather, and at last he rose to his feet. He scratched his head a moment, and then he, too, went on again, and clutched so firmly that he thought the Cliff could not help feeling it.

"If thou wilt not take me, then I will take thee," he said. The Fir bent his toes a little to feel if they were whole, lifted one foot, which he found all right, then the other, which was all right, too, and then both feet. He first examined the path he had come, then where he had been lying, and at last where he had to go. Then he strode onwards, just as though he had never fallen. The Birch had been splashed very badly, but now she got up and made herself tidy. And so they went rapidly on, upwards and sidewards, in sunshine and rain.

"But what in the world is all this?" said the Cliff, when the summer sun shone. The dew-drops glittered, the birds sang, the wood-mouse squeaked, the hare bounded, and the weasel hid and screamed among the trees.

Then the day came when the Heather could peep over the Cliff's edge.

"Oh, dear me!" said she, and over she went.

"What is it the Heather sees, dear?" asked the Juniper, and came forwards till he, too, could peep over. "Dear me!" he cried, and over he went.

"What's the matter with the Juniper today?" said the Fir, taking long strides in the hot sun. Soon he, too, by standing on tiptoe could peep over. "Ah!" — every branch and prickle stood on end with astonishment. He strode onwards, and over he went.

"What is it they all see and not I?" asked the Birch, lifting up her skirt and tripping after. "Ah!" said she, putting her head over, "there is a whole forest, both of Fir and Heather and Juniper and Birch, waiting for us on the plain"; and her leaves trembled in the sunshine till the dewdrops fell.

"This comes of reaching forwards," said the Juniper.

BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON

From Riverside Literature Series, published by Houghton, Mifflin & Company.

HIAWATHA'S CANOE

"Give me of your bark, O Birch tree!
Of your yellow bark, O Birch tree!
Growing by the rushing river,
Tall and stately in the valley!
I a light canoe will build me,
Build a swift Cheemaun for sailing,
That shall float upon the river,
Like a yellow leaf in autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily!
"Lay aside your cloak, O Birch tree!
Lay aside your white-skin wrapper,
For the summer-time is coming,
And the sun is warm in heaven,
And you need no white-skin wrapper!"
Thus aloud cried Hiawatha
In the solitary forest,
When the birds were singing gaily,

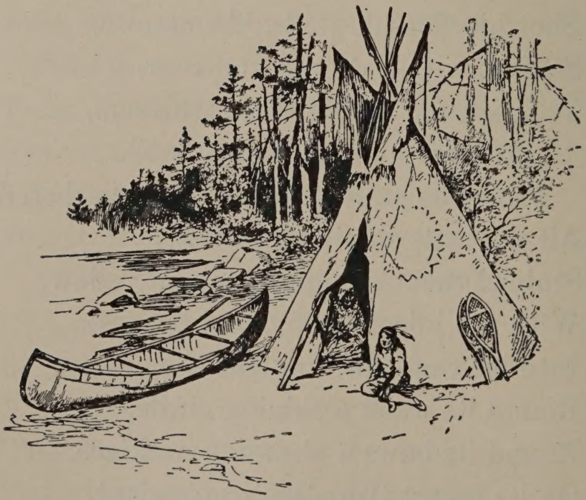
In the moon of leaves were singing,
And the Sun, from sleep awaking,
Started up and said, "Behold me!
Gheezis, the great Sun, behold me!"
And the tree with all its branches
Rustled in the breeze of morning,
Saying, with a sigh of patience,
"Take my cloak, O Hiawatha!"
With his knife the tree he girdled;
Just beneath its lowest branches,
Just above the roots, he cut it,
Till the sap came oozing outward;
Down the trunk, from top to bottom,
Sheer he cleft the bark asunder,
With a wooden wedge he raised it,
Stripped it from the trunk unbroken.
"Give me of your boughs, O Cedar!
Of your strong and pliant branches,
My canoe to make more steady,
Make more strong and firm beneath me!"
Through the summit of the cedar
Went a sound, a cry of horror,
Went a murmur of resistance;
But it whispered, bending downward,
"Take my boughs, O Hiawatha!"
Down he hewed the boughs of cedar,

Shaped them straightway to a framework,
Like two bows he formed and shaped them,
Like two bended bows together.
  "Give me of your roots, O Tamarack!
Of your fibrous roots, O Larch tree!
My canoe to bind together.
So to bind the ends together,
That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me!"
  And the larch, with all its fibers,
Shivered in the air of morning,
Touched his forehead with its tassels,
Said, with one long sigh of sorrow,
"Take them all, O Hiawatha!"
From the earth he tore the fibers,
Tore the tough roots of the larch tree,
Closely sewed the bark together,
Bound it closely to the framework.
  "Give me of your balm, O Fir tree!
Of your balsam and your resin,
So to close the seams together,
That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me!"
  And the fir tree, tall and somber,
Sobbed through all its robes of darkness,
Rattled like a shore with pebbles,

Answered wailing, answered weeping,
"Take my balm, O Hiawatha!"
  And he took the tears of balsam,
Took the resin of the fir tree,
Smeared therewith each seam and fissure,
Made each crevice safe from water.
  "Give me of your quills, O Hedgehog!
I will make a necklace of them,
Make a girdle for my beauty,
And two stars to deck her bosom!"
  From a hollow tree the hedgehog
With his sleepy eyes looked at him,
Shot his shining quills, like arrows,
Saying, with a drowsy murmur,
Through the tangle of his whiskers,
"Take my quills, O Hiawatha!"
  From the ground the quills he gathered,
All the little shining arrows,
Stained them red and blue and yellow,
With the juice of roots and berries;
Into his canoe he wrought them,
Round its waist a shining girdle,
Round its bows a gleaming necklace,
On its breast two stars resplendent.
  Thus the birch canoe was builded
In the valley, by the river,

In the bosom of the forest;
And the forest's life was in it,
All its mystery and magic,
All the lightness of the birch tree,
All the toughness of the cedar,
All the larch's supple sinew;
And it floated on the river
Like a yellow leaf in autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW



THE CAPTIVE

There is no more thrilling tale of early pioneer days than the story of Helen Patterson. She was born in Kentucky. About the year 1808 or 1809 her father took his family to the St. Charles district, and settled only a few miles from the home of the veteran backwoodsman, Daniel Boone.

At the time of this last removal Helen was about eighteen years of age. She was a very religious girl, and had been taught to believe that whatever she prayed for would be granted.

Shortly after the family had settled in their new home, bands of prowling savages began to roam about the neighborhood. The Indians would plunder the cabins of the settlers during their absence, and drive away their cattle, horses, and hogs.

One day, business called all the Patterson family to the village, except Helen. She was busily engaged in spinning, when the house was surrounded by nine Indians. Resistance was useless. She did not attempt to escape or even cry out for help; for one of the savages who spoke English gave her to understand that she would be killed if she did so.

She was told that she must follow the Indians. They took such things as they could conveniently carry, and with their captive set off on foot through the forest, in a northwestern direction. The shrewd girl had brought a ball of yarn with her, and from this she occasionally broke off a bit and dropped it at the side of the path, as a guide to her father and friends, who she knew would soon be in pursuit.

This came very near being fatal to Helen, for one of the Indians observed what she was doing, and raised his hatchet to brain her. The others interceded, but the ball of yarn was taken from her, and she was closely watched lest she might resort to some other device for marking a trail.

It was early in the morning when Helen was captured. Her parents were expected to return to the cabin by noon, and she reasoned that they would be in pursuit before the Indians had gone very far. As the savages were on foot, and her father would no doubt follow them on horseback, he might overtake them before dark. The uneasiness expressed by her captors during the afternoon encouraged her in the belief that her friends were in pursuit.

A little before sunset two of the Indians went back to reconnoiter, and the other seven, with the captive, continued on in the forest. Shortly after sunset the two Indians who had fallen behind joined the others, and all held a short consultation, which the white girl could not understand.

The conference lasted but a few moments, and then the savages hastened forward with Helen to a creek, where the banks were sloping, and the water shallow enough for them to wade the stream. By the time they had crossed, it was quite dark. The night was cloudy, and distant thunder could occasionally be heard.

The Indians hurried their captive to a place half a mile from the ford, and there tied her with strips of deerskin to one of the low branches of an elm. Her hands were extended above her head, and her wrists were crossed and tied so tightly that she found it impossible to release them. When they had secured her to their own satisfaction, the Indians left her, assuring her that they were going back to the ford to shoot her father and his companions as they crossed it.

Helen was almost frantic with fear and grief. Added to the uncertainty of her own fate was the knowledge that her father and friends were marching right into an Indian ambuscade.

In the midst of her trouble she did not forget her pious teaching. She prayed God to send down his angels and release her. But no angel came. In her distress the rumbling thunders in the distance were unheard, and she hardly noticed the shower until she was drenched to the skin.

The rain thoroughly wet the strips of deerskin with which she was tied, and as they stretched she almost unconsciously slipped her hands from them. Her prayer had been answered by the rain. She hastily untied her feet, and sped away towards the creek. Guided by the lightning's friendly glare she crossed the stream half a mile above the ford, and hastened to meet her father and friends.

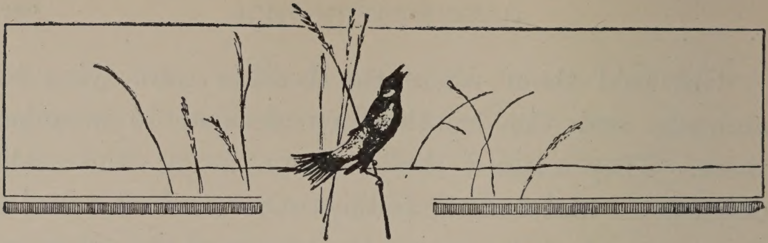
At every flash of lightning she strained her eyes, hoping to catch sight of them. At last moving forms were seen in the distance, but they were too far away for her to determine whether they were white men or Indians. Crouching down at the foot of a tree by the path, she waited until they were within a few rods of her, and then cried in a low voice, — "Father! Father!"

"That is Helen," said Mr. Patterson.

She bounded to her feet, and in a moment was at his side, telling him how she had escaped. The rescuing party was composed of her father and two brothers, a neighbor named Shultz, and Nathen and Daniel M. Boone, sons of the great pioneer, Daniel Boone.

She told them where the Indians were lying in ambush, and the frontiersmen decided to surprise them. They crossed the creek on a log, and stole down to the ford, but the Indians were gone. No doubt the savages had discovered the escape of the prisoner, and, knowing that their plan had failed, became frightened and fled.

Helen Patterson always believed it was her prayers that had saved her father, her brothers, and herself, in that trying hour.



ROBERT OF LINCOLN

Merrily swinging on brier and weed,
  Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain side or mead,
  Robert of Lincoln is telling his name:
    Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
    Spink, spank, spink;
Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers.

Robert of Lincoln is gayly drest,
  Wearing a bright black wedding coat;
White are his shoulders and white his crest;
  Hear him call, in his merry note:
    Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
    Spink, spank, spink;
Look what a nice new coat is mine;
Sure there was never a bird so fine!

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
  Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,

Passing at home a patient life,
  Broods in the grass while her husband sings:
      Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
      Spink, spank, spink;
Brood, kind creature; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.

Modest and shy as a nun is she;
  One weak chirp is her only note.
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
  Pouring boasts from his little throat:
      Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
      Spink, spank, spink;
Never was I afraid of man;
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can.

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
  Flecked with purple, — a pretty sight!
There as the mother sits all day,
  Robert is singing with all his might:
      Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
      Spink, spank, spink;
Nice little wife, that never goes out,
Keeping house, while I frolic about.

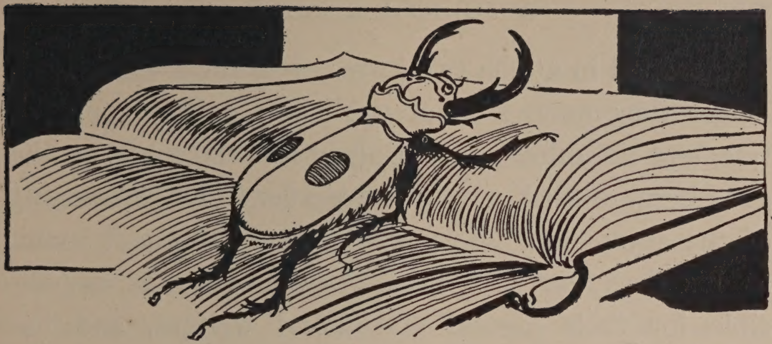
Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
  Six wide mouths are open for food;

Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood.
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work, and silent with care;
Off is his holiday garment laid,
Half forgotten that merry air:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nobody knows but my mate and I
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.

Summer wanes; the children are grown;
Fun and frolic no more he knows;
Robert of Lincoln's a hum-drum crone;
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again.

William Cullen Bryant



THE GOLD TREE

THE room in which our story opens was very plain and bare. Against the whitewashed walls, whose only adornment was a few dingy maps, stood two narrow beds, a book-shelf, and a wardrobe with a globe upon it. A long, ink-spattered table occupied the middle of the room, and beside it, upon hard benches, sat two boys of about twelve years of age.

The blonde boy brooded over a difficult passage in Cornelius Nepos, and, sighing, thumbed the heavy lexicon. The dark boy struggled to extract the cube root of a number with nine figures. The linguist was named Hans, the mathematician Heinz. At times the children lifted their heads and looked longingly towards the open window, through which the flies buzzed in and out.

Out in the garden the yellow sunshine lay upon the trees and brambles, and, as if in mockery, a blooming lilac peeped in at the two boys. But for a whole hour longer they must sit and work before they could be free, and the minutes crept along like the snails on the gooseberry bushes out in the garden. No shortening of the study hour was possible, for in the next room, at his desk, sat Dr. Dash-in-two. He was responsible for their mental and moral welfare, and the door stood always open, so he could oversee their behavior.

"Hannibal might have been doing something more sensible than crossing the Alps," muttered Hans; and "Nine times eighty-one are seven hundred twenty-nine," mumbled Heinz. Then they glanced at each other and yawned.

Suddenly their attention was arrested by a loud buzzing. A gold beetle, which must have been resting upon the lilac without, had wandered into the room. He circled around the boys' heads three times, and then — plump! — he lay in the ink bottle.

"Serves him right!" said Heinz. "Why didn't he stay where he was well off? Still, drowning in ink is too miserable a death! Hold on, comrade! I will save you!" And he would have helped the struggling beetle with his penholder, only Hans had done the work of rescue first, with his finger.

Then they dried the poor creature carefully with the blotter, and watched him cleaning himself with his fore feet. "He has a red spot on his body, and black horns," said Hans, wiping his inky finger on his hair; "it must be the king gold beetle. He lives in a castle built of jasmine flowers and roofed with rose petals. Crickets and locusts are his musicians, and glow-worms his torch-bearers." "You silly thing!" said Heinz.

"And whoever meets the gold beetle king," pursued Hans, "is a lucky child. Mind, Heinz, something will happen to us, — an adventure, or something wonderful. Today is the first of May, too, when lots of wonderful things happen. See how he winks his feelers at us, and lifts his outer wings! Now he will surely change and stand before us in his royal mantle and with a golden helmet on his head."

"He will fly away, that's what he will do," said Heinz. "Buzz! — There he goes!"

They both ran to the window and looked after the beetle. Like a glittering jewel he cut the air in a wide circle and disappeared outside the garden wall.

But now a scraping was audible in the adjoining room, and the scholars hastily returned to their books.

"Here comes the wonder!" whispered Hans to his companion, and pointed to the ink bottle.

Out of the bottle started a little green twig, and it grew visibly until it reached the ceiling.

"We are dreaming," said Heinz, rubbing his eyes.

"No, no! this is a fairy tale!" cried Hans delightedly, "and we are acting in it!"

And the shoot grew stronger, putting out branches and twigs which bore leaves and flowers. The ceiling of the room disappeared, the walls vanished, and the astonished boys found themselves in a forest hall.

"Come on!" cried Hans, dragging resisting Heinz along with him. "Now comes the adventure!"

The blossoming thicket opened of itself, disclosing a path for the boys. Broken sunbeams flickered through the latticed tree-roof, painting a thousand golden eyes on the moss. Out of the moss rose starry blossoms of brilliant colors, and green curling vines wrapped themselves about the mossy trunks. Overhead in the branches fluttered singing birds in shimmering feathers, and stags, deer, and other woodfolk bounded joyously through the thickets. Now the forest grew lighter, — between the tree trunks something gleamed like fire-light, and Hans whispered to his companion, "Now it's coming."

They reached an opening in the midst of which stood a single tree. But it was no ordinary tree — it was the magic tree of which Hans had so often heard, the tree with golden leaves. The boys stood staring with astonishment.

Then there appeared from behind the trunk a dwarf, no larger than a three-year-old child, — however, not thick-headed and flat-footed as dwarfs usually are, but slender and gracefully formed. He wore a green mantle and a gold helmet, and the two boys knew immediately whom they had before them.

The dwarf stepped forward a few steps and bowed. "The enchanted princess awaits her rescuer," he said; "which of you two will undertake the task?"

"I," said Hans, eagerly. And immediately the dwarf produced a little milk-white horse with a golden bridle.

"Don't do it, Hans," protested Heinz, anxiously; but Hans already sat in the saddle. Neighing, the magic steed reared, then threw back his head, and hurried with flying mane into the forest. A shining gold beetle flew along as guide. Just once Hans turned his head and saw his comrade standing under the gold tree, then tree and friend were lost to view.

That was a joyous ride. Hans sat as safe and firm in the saddle as if, instead of a horse, he had had under him the accustomed school bench. If he thought that only an hour before he had sighed over Cornelius Nepos and trembled at Dr. Dash-in-two, he must have laughed at the thought. The little school boy in the short jacket had become a stately knight with waistcoat and mantle, sword and gold spurs. So he flew through the magic wood.

Now the little steed made a joyful neighing. The wood became light. A few more bounds, and horse and rider halted before a gleaming castle. Gay banners floated on the towers, horns and trumpets blared, and on the balcony stood the princess waving a white handkerchief. She looked a good deal like neighbor Lenchen with whom knight Hans used to play when he was still a school boy, only she was larger and a thousand times more beautiful. Hans sprang out of the saddle, and ran with clanging spurs up the marble steps. In the open castle door stood a man, possibly the seneschal of the princess; he seemed to look quite familiar to Hans.

This seneschal stretched out his hand, grasped knight Hans by the ear, and cried: "The sluggard is fast asleep! I'll fix you, sir!"

Then was the enchantment all over. Hans sat again by the ink-stained table; before him lay the Cornelius Nepos and the Latin lexicon; opposite him sat Heinz writing so fast that the pen creaked; beside him stood Dr. Dash-in-two looking savagely at the dreamer through his spectacles.

When finally the hour of freedom had struck, and the two boys, out in the garden, ate their afternoon lunch under the lilacs, Hans told his friend his dream.

"That is wonderful!" said Heinz, when Hans had finished. "I had the same dream. Only the castle is different. There is no magic castle in my dream."

"Tell me yours," exclaimed Hans.

"As far as the gold tree my dream corresponds exactly with yours. You mounted the white horse and galloped away to rescue the princess, while I —"

"What?" asked Hans excitedly.

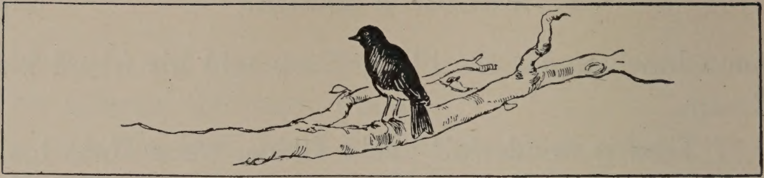
"I stayed behind, shook the tree, and filled all my pockets with the golden leaves. Then the stupid Doctor waked me, and the glory was all over."

"Heinz!" said Hans solemnly, and grasped his friend's hand, "if two people have one and the same dream, then it certainly comes true. The dream was prophetic. Remember what I say!"

Then the boys ate the rest of their lunch, and turned their attention to a game of ball.

Did the boys' dream ever come true? Yes — Hans became a poet and let his steed trot through the green story forest. Heinz, however, who in the dream had shaken the gold tree, — Heinz became his publisher.

Translated from Rudolph Baumbach
By Mabel W. S. Call



THE BLUEBIRD

I KNOW the song that the bluebird is singing,
Out in the apple tree where he is swinging,
Brave little fellow! the skies may be dreary, —
Nothing cares he while his heart is so cheery.

Hark! how the music leaps out from his throat!
Hark! was there ever so merry a note?
Listen awhile, and you'll hear what he's saying,
Up in the apple tree swinging and swaying.

Dear little blossoms down under the snow,
You must be weary of winter, I know;
Hark! while I sing you a message of cheer,
Summer is coming, and spring-time is here.

Little white snow-drop, I pray you arise!
Bright yellow crocus, come, open your eyes!
Sweet little violets, hid from the cold,
Put on your mantles of purple and gold!

Daffodils! daffodils! say, do you hear? —
Summer is coming, and spring-time is here.

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER

A WISE LITTLE MOUSE

He was a very curious little mouse, indeed, and had his home in the wall of a farmer's kitchen.

Now I can't begin to tell you all the mischief this little mouse did. He had gnawed holes through the doors of the cupboard, and poked his nose time and again into the cream bowl, and eaten great pieces out of the new cheese, and knocked over a beautiful glass preserve dish and shivered it to atoms; but, worst of all, he had nibbled great holes in two of Mother Sprague's fine linen table-cloths. Oh, he was, indeed, a naughty, naughty little mouse, and he quite gloried in the mischief he did.

They had set traps time and again for him, but without avail, for he was a most cunning little mouse, and somehow kept clear of them all. Even the delicious smell of cheese had failed to entice him within those queer-looking little wires. He knew well enough that danger and death were there.

Miss Puss, too, with all her cunning, was unable to catch this frisky little mouse. She had tried time and again, by strategy as well as open warfare, but each alike had failed. Just when she thought she had her sharp claws upon him, away would scamper the little mouse, stopping just long enough to glance defiantly back at Miss Puss, with a look in his sharp beady little black eyes which seemed to say: "There! I've cheated you this time, old mouser! You see you are not half as sharp as you thought you were."

In short, they had set so many traps and formed so many plans, the farmer, his wife, and the servant-girl, by which to catch the little mouse, and had never yet succeeded, that he was in high glee over their repeated failures, and so well pleased with himself in consequence, that he had grown to be a very conceited little mouse, as well as a most cunning one.

Very often he would talk to himself after this manner: "They will *never* catch me, this is certain. I am too wise a little mouse not to see through all their movements. They might as well save themselves the trouble of setting those traps, for all the good it'll do 'em. I wonder if they *really* think I am silly enough to poke my nose into one of those holes to get a nibble at that scrap of cheese, and be choked to death for my pains, when I can gnaw my way into the cupboard and eat as much of that fine whole cheese as I want, without any danger to myself. No, indeed. It is all too plain that I am too cunning for them, too wise a little mouse, by far, ever to be caught in a trap."

However, something happened one day that proved the little mouse was not nearly so wise as he thought he was.

Some fresh oysters were brought into the kitchen. In preparing them for supper the girl happened to overlook one of them, and it was left lying in a corner of the hearth with its shell partly open.

That night, when everyone had gone to bed, and all was silent within the kitchen, this cautious little mouse thought he might venture forth on a raid. Very soon he came to where the oyster was lying so still upon the hearth.

"Ha!" said he, cautiously approaching it, and bending his sharp little eyes near it, so as to take a good look at it, "what is this, now? Another trap, perhaps; but no; it doesn't look at all like one. There is nothing suspicious-looking about it, it is true; but still it is best to be cautious, therefore I'll take a closer view of it."

So the little mouse bent down his head till his little twinkling eyes were close beside the oyster, and then he peered in through the half-open shell. The oyster lay very quiet within, and looked so nice and cool and fresh that it quite set the little mouse frantic with the desire to feast upon the new dainty.

"Oh, dear me!" said he, licking his whiskers, "how nice it smells! and I am sure it must taste even better than it looks. What a feast I am going to have, to be sure! and such a laugh to myself over the sour looks of the servant-girl in the morning, who was, no doubt, saving this delicious morsel for herself!"

So saying, this wise little mouse, who had never yet been caught in a trap, and who bragged to himself continually in consequence, poked his sharp little nose through the half-opened shell of the oyster.

Now if I had been there I would have whispered: "Be very careful, little Mr. Mouse, for, with all your cunning and boasting, you may get yourself in a fix yet."

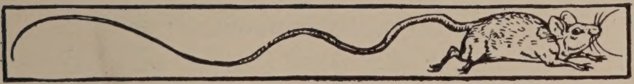
And it was just as you have doubtless suspected — *the oyster was alive*, and no sooner had the little mouse poked his nose into the opening than it closed with a sudden spring, and lo! the little mouse was caught at last!

Now I dare say, if he had been given time to think over it all, his one thought would have been that he was not such a very wise little mouse after all.

Little boy, little girl, I am very much afraid there are some of you just like this wise (?) little mouse. Oh, yes, you are *quite sure* you have wit enough to keep out of danger. You are too sharp, you think, *ever* to be caught in a trap. Take care! The oyster looked very tempting and harmless to the little mouse, but within the danger lay!

Carleton Howard

From *Harper's Young People*



DAFFYDOWNDILLY

DAFFYDOWNDILLY
  Came up in the cold,
  Through the brown mold,
Although the March breezes
  Blew keen on her face,
Although the white snow
  Lay on many a place.

Daffydowndilly
  Had heard under ground
  The sweet rushing sound
Of the streams, as they broke
  From their white winter chains,
Of the whistling spring winds
  And the pattering rains.

"Now then," thought Daffy,
  Deep down in her heart,
  "It's time I should start."

So she pushed her soft leaves
  Through the hard frozen ground,
Quite up to the surface,
  And then she looked round.

There was snow all about her,
  Gray clouds overhead;
  The trees all looked dead.
Then how do you think
  Poor Daffydown felt,
When the sun would not shine
  And the ice would not melt?

"Cold weather!" thought Daffy,
  Still working away.
  "The earth's hard today!
There's but a half-inch
  Of my leaves to be seen,
And two-thirds of that
  Is more yellow than green.

"I can't do much yet;
  But I do what I can.
  It's well I began!
For, unless I can manage
  To lift up my head,

The people will think
  That the Spring herself's dead."

So, little by little,
  She brought her leaves out,
  All clustered about;
And then her bright flowers
  Began to unfold,
Till Daffy stood robed
  In her spring green and gold.

O Daffydowndilly,
  So brave and so true,
  I wish all were like you!
So ready for duty
  In all sorts of weather,
And loyal to courage
  And duty together.

Miss Warner

ROLLA AND THE SENTINEL

Rolla. Inform me, friend, is not Alonzo, the Spanish prisoner, confined in this dungeon?

Sentinel. He is.

Rolla. I must speak with him.

Sen. You must not.

Rolla. He is my friend.

Sen. Not if he were thy brother.

Rolla. What is to be his fate?

Sen. He dies at sunrise.

Rolla. Ha! then I am come in time.

Sen. Just — to witness his death.

Rolla. Soldier, I must speak with him.

Sen. Back, back! It is impossible.

Rolla. I do entreat thee, but for one moment.

Sen. Thou entreatest in vain — my orders are most strict.

Rolla. Even now I saw a messenger go hence.

Sen. He brought a pass which we are all accustomed to obey.

Rolla. Look on this wedge of massive gold — look on these precious gems. In thy own land they will be wealth for thee and thine beyond thy hope or wish. Take them, they are thine — let me pass but one minute with Alonzo.

SEN. Away! — wouldst thou corrupt me? Me, an old Castilian? I know my duty better.

ROLLA. Soldier, hast thou a wife?

SEN. I have.

ROLLA. Hast thou children?

SEN. Four — honest, lovely boys.

ROLLA. Where didst thou leave them?

SEN. In my native village; even in the cot where myself was born.

ROLLA. Dost thou love thy children and thy wife?

SEN. Do I love them? Heaven knows my heart — I do!

ROLLA. Soldier, imagine thou wert doomed to die a cruel death in this strange land; what would be thy last request?

SEN. That some one of my comrades should carry my dying blessing to my wife and children.

ROLLA. Oh! but if that comrade was at thy prison gate, and should there be told: "Thy fellow-soldier dies at sunrise, yet thou shalt not for a moment see him, nor shalt thou hear his dying blessing to his poor children or his wretched wife"; what wouldst thou think of him who thus could drive thy comrade from the door?

SEN. How!

ROLLA. Alonzo has a wife and child. I am come but to receive for her, and for her babe, the last blessing of my friend.

SEN. Go in.

KOTZEBUE

THE BROWN THRUSH

THERE'S a merry brown thrush sitting up in a tree:
  "He's singing to me! He's singing to me!"
And what does he say, little girl, little boy?
  "Oh, the world's running over with joy!
    Don't you hear? Don't you see?
    Hush! Look! In my tree,
  I'm as happy as happy can be!"

And the brown thrush keeps singing: "A nest do you see,
  And five eggs, hid by me in the juniper-tree?
Don't meddle! don't touch! little boy, little girl,
  Or the world will lose some of its joy!
    Now I'm glad! now I'm free!
    And I always shall be,
  If you never bring sorrow to me."

So the merry brown thrush sings away in the tree,
  To you and to me, to you and to me;
And he sings all the day, little girl, little boy:
  "Oh, the world's running over with joy!
    But long it won't be,
    Don't you know, don't you see?
  Unless we're good as can be!"

LUCY LARCOM

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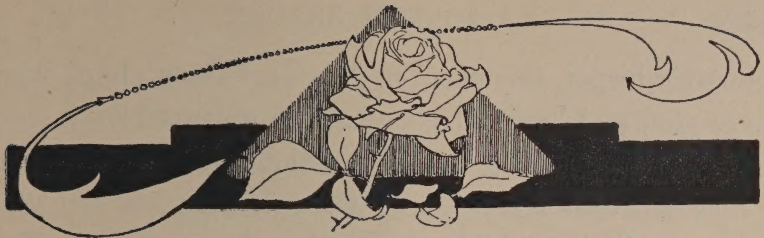

THE STORY FAIRY BEAUTY TOLD

It was toward the end of what seemed a rather tiresome Easter vacation. In her large armchair, late of the afternoon, the teacher found her attention wandering from the book she had been reading since lunch, to the children who were soon to come back to school and to her. She wanted her boys and girls again.

On her desk opposite stood a slender, green vase with a delicate pink rose. One of her girls had sent the flower to her that very day. Her eye was attracted, and for some reason she was led to study the charming curve of the stalk, the velvety petals of the blossom, and the fine color. "As dainty as the giver," she thought.

Suddenly she felt her heart leap! In the midst of the rose petals she saw a beautiful child's face. Two dancing blue eyes were looking into hers, a sweet mouth was smiling to her, a golden head like a bit of sunshine was lighting the corner of her desk. In an awed whisper the teacher asked: "Dear child, who are you, and how did you come to my rose?"

"I was so sorry to see you alone, longing for your children, that I stole away from fairyland to tell you a story," the child's musical voice replied. The teacher wondered how the fairy knew that she was fond of stories, and particularly stories that little fairies tell. She leaned forward and said eagerly: "Oh! thank you. I love stories, and to think I shall hear one from a real fairy!"

The welcome little visitor began: "Many years ago, Oberon, the king of the fairies, called all his subjects to his court. The palace, the gardens, and the royal park were filled with fairies, each one wondering what important event had brought them all together. At last the king arose and said: 'It is my wish to divide the duties of the world today. Your happiness is of much concern to me. Without duties there can be no delights. To bring joy to you, my beloved fairies, I must give you work to do. You must all have your duties.' The fairies did not know just what Oberon meant, but all listened and no one dared question."

"'You may be the Fairy of Wisdom, and help men in their upward search for light and truth,' the king said, turning to a favorite subject. 'And you may be the Fairy of Virtue, making men clean and white of the heart, leading them to follow the stars,' he said to another fairy. 'You may be the Fairy of Love, and guide the world to care for the little birds, and the boys, and the girls, and all life that is upon the earth.'

"In this way he assigned a duty to each one of his subjects. But one little fairy was frightened by the very thought of work, and, while Oberon was distributing the duties, she hid herself behind a large oak tree. In this way she was overlooked. As it happened, to be overlooked by Oberon was a very serious matter.

"Years went by. What a busy time the fairies had! And how happy they all were! The men of the world grew wiser and better daily with the help of these industrious workers. But one little fairy wandered from place to place, seeking happiness. Wherever she came her friends seemed too much occupied to play, or even to talk to her. She became more and more lonely. Again and again in her years of roaming she hopelessly wept and thought, 'Ah! if I only had something to live for!'

"At last she took courage and went to Oberon. 'Dear king,' she implored, 'can't you give me a duty?' 'What do you mean?' said Oberon. 'Where were you when I assigned work to all my subjects?' 'Oh,' cried the penitent fairy, 'I was very foolish then. I didn't know the blessedness of work, so I hid behind yonder large oak tree, and I failed to get a duty. These many years I have wandered about and found no peace. All my sister fairies are very, very busy, yet they sing gaily and are full of joy. Forgive me, good king. Oh, I beg of you, give me something to do! I know I did wrong. I am sorry, sorry, sorry!' And the poor little fairy sobbed and sobbed.

"Oberon remained silent a few moments. He saw how sad and worn and weary his little subject was. 'She has been sufficiently punished in the years of restless wandering and loneliness in her empty search for pleasure,' the king thought to himself. He pitied her. Finally he said kindly: 'My child, in my garden grows a humble, neglected bush that is very unhappy because its slender stalk is covered with thorns. Men are afraid to touch its flowers. Be you the Fairy of Beauty. Live in that bush and make it so beautiful that in spite of thorns it will be cherished by all. That fragrant duty may make you happy.'

"Gladly Fairy Beauty went to her new home, and soon made the neglected bush so fair that its flower became the queen of all flowers. Soft summer breezes carried its lovely aroma to the people in magnificent palaces and humble huts. The sweet blossom became a messenger of love to men. Men call that flower the rose, and they who care for it tenderly are sometimes rewarded by a visit from me, Fairy Beauty."

"Oh, dear Fairy Beauty!" the teacher began. But before she could express her thanks, her little visitor had vanished, and she found herself leaning forward in her chair, staring at the charming pink rose in the little green vase.

ANNIE FISHER

SHERIDAN'S RIDE

October 19, 1864

Up from the South at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door,
The terrible rumble, and rumble, and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar;
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold,
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good broad highway leading down;
And there, through the flash of the morning light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night
Was seen to pass as with eagle flight;
As if he knew the terrible need,

He stretched away with the utmost speed;
Hills rose and fell — but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung from those swift hoofs, thundering South,
The dust, like smoke from a cannon's mouth;
On the tail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Forboding to traitors the doom of disaster.
The heart of the steed and the heart of the master
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battlefield calls;
Every nerve of the charger was trained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape flowed away behind,
Like an ocean flying before the wind;
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,
Swept on with his wild eyes full of fire;
But lo! he is nearing his heart's desire,
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the General saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops;

What was done — what to do — a glance told him both,
Then, striking his spurs, with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the lines 'mid a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there, because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray,
By the flash of his eye and the red nostril's play
He seemed to the whole great army to say:
"I've brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester down to save the day!"

Hurrah! hurrah! for Sheridan!
Hurrah! hurrah! for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high,
Under the dome of the Union sky —
The American soldier's temple of fame —
There with the glorious General's name,
Be it said, in letters both bold and bright:
"Here is the steed that saved the day
By carrying Sheridan into the fight
From Winchester, twenty miles away!"

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

Hermia and Lysander were lovers; but Hermia's father wished her to marry another man, named Demetrius.

Now, in Athens, where they lived, there was a wicked law which said that any girl who refused to marry according to her father's wishes might be put to death. Hermia's father was so angry with her for refusing to do as he wished that he actually brought her before the Duke of Athens, and asked that she might be killed if she still refused to obey him. The Duke gave her four days to think about it; at the end of that time, if she still refused to marry Demetrius, she would have to die.

Lysander of course was nearly mad with grief; it seemed to him that it would be best for Hermia to run away to his aunt's house at a place beyond the reach of that cruel law; and there he would come to her and marry her. But before she started, she told her friend, Helena, just what she was going to do.

Helena had been Demetrius' sweetheart long before his marriage with Hermia had been thought of, and being very silly, like all jealous people, she could not see that it was not poor Hermia's fault that Demetrius wished to marry her instead of his own lady, Helena. She knew that if she told Demetrius that Hermia was going to the wood outside Athens he would follow, "and I can follow him, and at least I shall see him," she said to herself. So she went to him, and betrayed Hermia's secret.

Now this wood where Lysander was to meet Hermia, and where the other two had decided to follow them, was full of fairies, as most woods are, if one only has the eyes to see them, and in this wood on this night were the King and Queen of the fairies, Oberon and Titania. Fairies, as we all know, are very wise people, but now and then they can be quite as foolish as mortal folk. Oberon and Titania, who might have been as happy as the days were long, had thrown away all their joy in a foolish quarrel. They never met without saying disagreeable things to each other, and scolded each other so dreadfully that all their little fairy followers, for fear, would creep into acorn cups and hide there.

So, instead of keeping one happy Court and dancing all night through in the moonlight, as is the fairies' way, the King with his attendants wandered through one part of the wood, while the Queen with hers kept state in another. And the cause of all this trouble was a little Indian boy whom Titania had taken to be one of her followers. Oberon wanted the child to follow him and be one of his fairy knights; but the Queen would not give him up.

On this night, in a mossy moonlit glade, the King and Queen of the fairies met.

"Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania," said the King.

"What! jealous, Oberon?" answered the Queen. "You spoil everything with your quarreling. Come, fairies, let us leave him. I am not friends with him now."

"It rests with you to make up the quarrel," said the King.

"Give me that little Indian boy, and I will again be your humble servant and suitor."

"Set your mind at rest," said the Queen. "Your whole fairy kingdom buys not that boy from me. Come, fairies."

And she and her train rode off down the moonbeams.

"Well, go your way," said Oberon. "But I'll be even with you before you leave this wood."

Then Oberon called his favorite fairy, Puck. Puck was the spirit of mischief. He used to slip into the dairies and take the cream away, and get into the churn so that the butter would not come, and turn the beer sour, and lead people out of their way on dark nights and then laugh at them, and tumble people's stools from under them when they were going to sit down, and upset their hot ale over their chins when they were going to drink.

"Now," said Oberon to this little sprite, "fetch me the flower called Love-in-idleness. The juice of that little purple flower laid on the eyes of those who sleep will make them, when they wake, to love the first thing they see. I will put some of the juice of that flower on my Titania's eyes, and when she wakes she will love the first thing she sees, were it lion, bear, or wolf, or bull, or meddling monkey, or a busy ape."

While Puck was gone, Demetrius passed through the glade seeking Hermia, and following him came poor Helena, and still she told him how she loved him and reminded him of all his promises, and still he told her that he did not and could not love her, and that his promises were nothing. Oberon was sorry for poor Helena, and when Puck returned with the flower he bade him follow Demetrius and put some of the juice on his eyes, so that he might love Helena as much as she loved him, when he woke and looked on her. So Puck set off, and wandering through the wood found, not Demetrius but Lysander, on whose eyes he put the juice; but when Lysander woke he saw not his own Hermia, but Helena, who was walking through the wood looking for the cruel Demetrius; and directly he saw her he loved her and left his own lady, under the spell of the purple flower.

When Hermia woke she found Lysander gone, and wandered about the wood trying to find him. Puck went back and told Oberon what he had done, and Oberon soon found that he had made a mistake, and set about looking for Demetrius, and having found him, put some of the juice on his eyes. And the first thing Demetrius saw when he woke was also Helena. So now Demetrius and Lysander were both following her through the wood, and it was Hermia's turn to follow her lover as Helena had done before. The end of it was that Helena and Hermia began to quarrel, and Demetrius and Lysander went off to fight. Oberon was very sorry to see his kind scheme to help these lovers turn out so badly. So he said to Puck —

"These two young men are going to fight. You must overhang the night with dropping fog, and lead them so astray that one will never find the other. When they are tired out they will fall asleep. Then drop this other herb on Lysander's eyes. That will give him his old sight and his old love. Then each man will have the lady who loves him, and they will all think that this has been only a Midsummer Night's Dream. Then when this is done, all will be well with them."

So Puck went and did as he was told, and when the two had fallen asleep without meeting each other, Puck poured the juice on Lysander's eyes, and said:

"When thou wakest,
Thou takest
True delight
In the sight
Of thy former lady's eye:
Jack shall have Jill;
Nought shall go ill."

Meanwhile Oberon found Titania asleep on a bank where grew wild Thyme, oxlips, and violets, and woodbine, musk-roses, and eglantine. There

Titania always slept a part of the night, wrapped in the enameled skin of a snake. Oberon stooped over her and laid the juice on her eyes, saying:

"What thou seest when thou wake,
Do it for thy true love take."

Now, it happened that when Titania woke the first thing she saw was a stupid clown, one of a party of players who had come out into the wood to rehearse their play. This clown had met with Puck, who had clapped a donkey's head on his shoulders so that it looked as if it grew there. Directly Titania woke and saw this dreadful monster, she said, "What angel is this? Are you as wise as you are beautiful?"

"If I am wise enough to find my way out of this wood, that's enough for me," said the foolish clown.

"Do not desire to go out of the wood," said Titania. The spell of the love-juice was on her, and to her the clown seemed the most beautiful and delightful creature on all the earth. "I love you," she went on. "Come with me, and I will give you fairies to attend on you."

So she called four fairies, whose names were Peaseblossom, Cobweb, Moth, and Mustardseed.

"You must attend this gentleman," said the Queen. "Feed him with apricots and dewberries, purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries. Steal honey-bags for him from the humble-bees, and with the wings of painted butterflies fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes."

"I will," said one of the fairies, and all the others said, "I will."

"Now, sit down with me," said the Queen to the clown, "and let me stroke your dear cheeks, and stick musk-roses in your smooth, sleek head, and kiss your fair large ears, my gentle joy."

"Where's Peaseblossom?" asked the clown with the donkey's head. He did not care much about the Queen's affection, but he was very proud of having fairies to wait on him. "Ready," said Peaseblossom.

"Scratch my head, Peaseblossom," said the clown. "Where's Cobweb?" "Ready," said Cobweb.

"Kill for me," said the clown, "the red bumble-bee on the top of the thistle yonder, and bring me the honey-bag. Where's Mustardseed?"

"Ready," said Mustardseed.

"Oh, I want nothing," said the clown. "Only just help Peaseblossom to scratch. I must go to the barber's, for methinks I am marvelous hairy about the face."

"Would you like anything to eat?" said the fairy Queen.

"I should like some good dry oats," said the clown — for his donkey's head made him desire donkey's food — "and some hay to follow."

"Shall some of my fairies fetch you new nuts from the squirrel's house?" asked the Queen.

"I'd rather have a handful or two of good dried peas," said the clown. "But please don't let any of your people disturb me; I am going to sleep."

Then said the Queen, "And I will wind thee in my arms."

And so when Oberon came along he found his beautiful Queen lavishing kisses and endearments on a clown with a donkey's head.

And before he released her from the enchantment, he persuaded her to give him the little Indian boy he so much desired to have. Then he took pity on her, and threw some juice of the disenchanting flower on her pretty eyes; and then in a moment she saw plainly the donkey-headed clown she had been loving, and knew how foolish she had been.

Oberon took off the ass's head from the clown, and left him to finish his sleep with his own silly head resting on the thyme and violets.

Thus all was made plain and straight again. Oberon and Titania loved each other more than ever. Demetrius thought of no one but Helena, and Helena had never had any thought of any one but Demetrius.

As for Hermia and Lysander, they were as loving a couple as you could meet in a day's march, even through a fairy wood.

So the four mortal lovers went back to Athens and were married; and the fairy King and Queen live happily together in that very wood at this very day.

Retold by E. NESBIT

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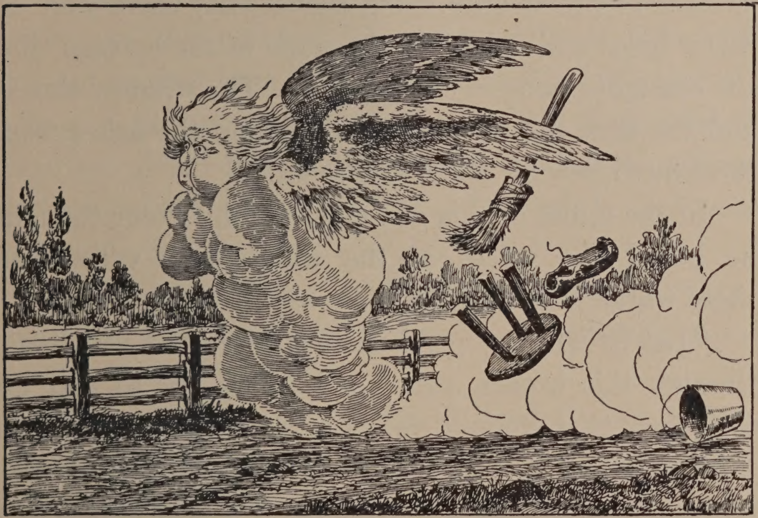
MR. WIND AND MADAM RAIN

PART I. MR. WIND VISITS JOHN PETER

About the time when the good King Robert sang at the chorister's desk, there lived in Brittany a poor miller named John Peter, whose only wealth in the world consisted of a mill, a wretched hut, and a kitchen-garden, in which he planted cabbages and carrots: but John Peter was unfortunate; for he often saw his neighbors' mill-sails turning round on the hills, while his own stood still, because the wind never blew in his direction; and the vegetables in his garden withered from drought, in spite of the pains he took to water them. John Peter was not a man of much spirit, and so he went on and spent his time in exclaiming, "Alas! Mr. Wind, why won't you blow on my mill?" and "Alas! Madam Rain, why won't you fall in my garden so that I may gain a livelihood?" His lamentations, however, were of no avail; the Wind did not hearken, and the Rain troubled itself very little about them. In order to dispel his melancholy the miller married a pretty peasant girl named Claudine, as poor as himself, but active, and a good housewife. Claudine cleaned the house, mended the linen, put everything in order, kept poultry, and carried the eggs to market; and after awhile, just when her household affairs began to prosper, she became the mother of a little boy who received the name of Peter. All the money that Claudine had hoarded since her marriage was scarcely sufficient to purchase baby-linen, a cradle, and other things requisite for a mother and her child. Indeed, when these articles were bought, her last farthing was spent. To complete her misfortunes she was now taken ill, and the village doctor had to be called in. John Peter neglected his work that he might wait on Claudine, for he had nothing to pay a nurse with; and thus these poor people found themselves reduced all at once to frightful misery.

One night, while John Peter was sitting up watching near his wife and child as they slept, and reflecting on his and their wretched condition, he thought thus: "If all my troubles overwhelmed myself alone I should not complain, for I am strong enough to endure cold and hunger; but my wife will need fire to warm her, good nourishment to strengthen her, and medicine in her sickness; and I have neither wood to put upon the fire, nor meat to make broth with, no, nor money to pay the doctor. I love my Claudine and her child more than all the treasures of the world; and I do not regret that I married a girl as poor as myself. The want of wind and rain is the sole cause of my distress. If only the wind would blow on my mill I should soon be able to get myself out of this scrape."

As John Peter uttered these last words, he saw the flame of the candle flicker, and heard the rusty weathercock turning on the top of the cottage. The wind was just beginning to blow. The astonished miller ran quickly to his mill, and put grain enough into the hopper for the night's grinding. He untied the cord which held fast the mill-sails, and then they began to turn round, and the mill set to work to grind the grain into flour and bran. John Peter now went back to



MR. WIND PAYS A VISIT

his wife, who was still sleeping, and he rubbed his hands together as he thought of the good news he had to tell her when she should awake.

The rusty weather-cock, however, creaked louder and louder, and the candle had to be placed behind a curtain to prevent its being blown out; there were so many holes and chinks in the walls of the cottage that the draughts came in everywhere. The window shook, and the door moved on its hinges, and the ashes from the hearth flew all about the room.

In the midst of this commotion John Peter thought he heard the voices of the wind-spirits whispering these words in his ears:

"Let us whistle," said these spirits; "let us whistle through this broken pane, and let us try to tear off the paper that stops it up. Let us moan, let us moan through this hole. Let us cling to the thatch of this miserable cabin. Let us push against this ill-fastened door. Let us murmur, let us hum in this chimney." Notwithstanding the astonishment which these mysterious voices caused the miller, still he was not frightened; and he answered, "Whistle, moan, hum as much as you like, so that my mill turns." At the same instant the latch went up and the door burst wide open, and John Peter saw a most extraordinary figure enter. It was a personage who bore more resemblance to one of the Genii than to a man. His body could bend itself in every direction, it was so supple and elastic. His eyes shone like phosphorus, and his ample chest sent forth a noise equal to that which proceeds from a smith's bellows. The two large wings which were fastened to his shoulders could not have spread themselves in the cottage. A red mantle of thin stuff floated around him, falling into so many folds that the shape of his body could not be precisely distinguished. His feet glided lightly over the floor without walking; yet he seemed rather fatigued, as though he had come a long distance.

"Give me a chair," said he to John Peter, "that I may rest a moment with you before proceeding on my way."

The miller eagerly offered his best straw-bottomed chair. "Sit down, my lord," said he, "and rest yourself as long as you like in my cottage; only have the goodness not to speak so loud, or you will awaken my wife who is ill."

"Fear nothing," replied the stranger; "the murmur of my words will make her sleep more soundly. I am Mr. Wind. Thou hast several times addressed petitions to me. Thou wilt not wonder at my being a little out of breath when I tell thee that in less than an hour I have visited the entire sea-coast of Brittany and traveled a long distance over the ocean. Thy lord, who lives at the neighboring castle, would not receive me; his servants have shut all the doors and windows, and secured them with large bolts and solid, well-padded shutters; and I have scarcely been able to penetrate into the staircases through a skylight in one of the towers, or into the kitchen through a little airhole. Nevertheless, I revenged myself on the sentinels who are on guard in the courts of the castle, by throwing down their sentry-boxes. At thy cottage, however, I found the walls in ruins, and the latch without a fastening. I had but to push thy door, and entered forthwith. This is just the sort of cottage I like. Thou possessest but one poor straw-bottomed chair, and that thou didst most willingly offer at my entrance. I thank thee for this hospitable reception. Ask, therefore, some service of me, John Peter, and I will render it thee most freely."

"Mr. Wind," said the miller, "all I ask of you is to blow for three or four hours a day on my mill."

"My poor John Peter," replied Mr. Wind, "I am not permitted to go out every day. Madam Rain occupies the sky for a third part of the year, and, like an ungrateful creature, she drives me away after I have brought on her clouds; and the Sun agrees still worse with me. I sometimes live shut up in my cavern for months; but I will take care to send thee zephyrs and little spirits who go out at my order to scour the country morning and evening; and I will order them not to forget thy mill. When thou art in trouble, unhappy, or persecuted, come to see me at my cavern, and I will give thee assistance. I live up above there, at the top of the southern mountain."

"Ah! Mr. Wind," exclaimed John Peter, "I am unhappy and in trouble at this very moment. If you would but come at once to my assistance!"

"It is too late for me to do so today," replied Mr. Wind; "I must start directly for Paris, where I have a dozen chimneys to throw down, and in half an hour I must be at home, for here is Madam Rain, close at my heels. Good bye, John Peter!"

So saying, Mr. Wind sprang at one bound out of the cottage, spread his large wings, and disappeared. At the end of half an hour the whistling, the moaning, and the humming diminished, and afterwards died away altogether, and the miller then knew that Mr. Wind had returned from his voyage, and had re-entered his cavern on the peak of southern mountain. But the little spirits he had left behind him were strong enough to keep the mill going.

PART II. MADAM RAIN VISITS JOHN PETER

Immediately after Mr. Wind had departed, rain began to fall: gently at first, and afterwards in torrents; and the brooks were swelled to overflowing. And when the parched earth had well drunk, pools were formed here and there, into which the rain, dropping, sounded like little bells. Again John Peter fancied he heard the voices of the rain-spirits, saying:

"Let us fall, let us fall on this thatched roof; let us wet, let us wet the whole of this cottage; let us water the leaves of the cabbages; let us cover these pebbles with water; let us ring in this spout; let us run along this beam; let us jump through this hole; let us fall, let us wet all that we can; little drops, drip, drip, drop!"

Instead of being afraid, John Peter repeated: "Fall, wet; water as much as you please! Tomorrow my garden will be greener, and my cabbages the better for it."

As Mr. Wind had broken the latch and gone out without shutting the door, it remained three or four inches ajar, and through this narrow space John Peter saw enter a tall lady of singular appearance, bearing more resemblance to a fairy than to a woman. She was somewhat transparent, and her face pale and thin, as if she were recovering from an illness. Her hair was straight, and fell down to her feet. Her eyes were dimmed by two streams of tears, and her nose was a little swollen from a cold in the head. Her dress and mantle were gray. Upon her silken scarf shone the seven colors of the rainbow. The lady advanced slowly, without seeming to move her feet, and stretched her arms, and yawned, more as if overcome with ennui than with fatigue.

"Give me a chair," she said to John Peter, "that I may rest for a moment before I go down into the valley."

"Sit down, ma'am," said the miller, "only have the goodness to speak a little lower, for my wife is ill and my child is asleep."

"Fear not!" replied the lady, "the noise of my words will make them sleep more soundly. I am Madam Rain, whom thou hast so often invoked. But five minutes ago I was eighteen hundred fathoms above the earth, and my descent has made me a little giddy. The lord of the neighboring castle has shut his doors and windows in my face, but I have revenged myself by drenching his sentinels to the skin. I found chinks in the walls of thy cottage, and window-panes broken, and the door open; so I like this cabin of thine, and I will remember thy kind welcome. If I can serve thee in anything, take advantage of this opportunity, and ask me for whatever thou wilt, and I will give it thee."

"Madam Rain," said John Peter, "what could I ask of you but to be kind enough to fall two or three times a week on the vegetables in my garden?"

"Alas! friend," said the lady, "I do not gad about as often as I should like. The glorious time of the Deluge is past, and Mr. Sun is stronger than I; and when I am abroad he is constantly driving me back to my grotto. And then there is my Lady Moon. Ever since the time of Adam, I have been trying to find out whether she is favorable to me or not, and I have not yet been able to settle the question; but, with the aid of astronomers, I hope to know exactly, in three or four thousand years, what her intentions really are with regard to me. Except at thy cottage, I am looked crossly upon everywhere, and am shut up about two thirds of the year; but I will send thee my morning dews, and the little clouds to which I give the key of the fields between the gleams of sunshine; and should any misfortune befall thy wife or child, do not fail to inform me, and my protection shall not be wanting."

"Ah! Madam Rain," replied John Peter, "protect them now! My wife is ill, and I fear that my little Peter will die."

"Thou oughtest to have told me that at first," replied the dame; "thou art but a clumsy fellow, John Peter; I am obliged to set off directly to wet the plains of Normandy and Beauce. The Sun, too, is coming soon to dry all my work. So, adieu! honest John Peter; I live in my Western Grotto by the seashore."

Madam Rain slipped through the partly opened door, and descended to the bottom of the valley. At the end of an hour Aurora began to blush; the rain-spirits murmured less loudly; the brooks became threads of water, and were voiceless; and the sound of the little bells died away. A flood of sunshine soon dispersed the clouds, and the miller now understood that Madam Rain had retired to her Western Grotto by the seaside.

John Peter left his cottage and went to his mill; there he found flour sufficient to fill two sacks. He then went to his garden and gathered cabbages and lettuce, which the rain had quickly brought to perfection. The flour he carried to a farmer, who gave him two crown-pieces for it; and the vegetables he sold in the market. His wife was still sleeping when he returned home, with a faggot of wood on his shoulder, good provisions in his basket, and money in his pocket.

PART III. IN THE CAVERN OF THE WIND

John Peter's wife, having slept till morning, had heard neither wind nor rain; so she was surprised when she was told that the mill had been turning all night, and when she saw the money and provisions which her husband had brought home. Sleep had already hastened her recovery; and the joy she now felt completely restored her to health. John Peter, however, did not say a word to his wife about the two extraordinary visitors who had been at the cottage.

Claudine, thought he, has more sense than I have, but then she is rather fond of tattling; and she would go and tell my secrets to her gossips, and that might injure me.

On the following days the mill turned morning and evening; the dew came down on the garden; and with a good fire on the hearth, John Peter and his wife fared pretty well. Claudine quite recovered her strength, and little Peter looked fresh and blooming like a rosy apple. In short, happiness and cheerfulness again visited the miller's dwelling.

One day the lord of the neighboring castle, as he was going out hunting, passed John Peter's cottage. Now, lords at this time possessed great power; and when they were good they made their vassals happy;

but when they were bad they tyrannized over them, and treated the poor peasants very cruelly. This lord to whom John Peter was vassal, was very hard-hearted; he was excessively fond of money, too, and, in order to procure it, oppressed his people with taxes. He made them pay a poll-tax — that is, a tax for every person, "poll" being an old word for head — a tenth of their property, for the queen's girdle, and found out for them a hundred other vexations. The miller, on seeing his lord, was struck with dismay, for he thought the visit boded him no good.

"Ho there! John Peter," cried the Baron, without alighting from his horse, "thou owest me six months' taxes, and tomorrow I shall send my steward to thee for the sum of ten crowns."

"My lord Baron," replied the miller, "grant me three months' delay. My wife has been ill; and if I give you ten crowns, which is all I possess, I shall have no money left for myself."

"I will not grant thee even three days," replied the Baron. "If thou dost not pay tomorrow, all that thou hast shall be sold, and thou shalt be dragged from thy cottage, and I will make thee work in my fields under the lash."

The Baron then galloped away without listening to the complaints of his vassal.

On the following day came the steward from the castle, carrying a money-bag, and John Peter was obliged to pay him the ten crowns. This sum was all that the miller had been able to put by during a month; so the benefits of Mr. Wind and Madam Rain were now lost, and Claudine began to weep bitterly.

"Do not cry," said John Peter to her; "everybody is not as wicked as the Baron. Give me my hobnailed shoes, my stick, and my woolen mantle; I have a visit to pay. Do not be uneasy if I be not at home till late; I shall have some good news to bring you."

Claudine guessed directly that her husband was keeping a secret from her. She therefore dried her tears, and began to ask the miller a thousand questions for the purpose of drawing this secret from him; but he would not tell, and he set out with his hobnailed shoes, his stick, and his woolen cloak. After crossing some fields and meadows, John Peter at length arrived at the foot of the southern mountain. After climbing for the space of three hours through a wood of fir-trees, he came to wild heaths, and at last to steep rocks, which he ascended with the help of his hobnailed shoes and his stick. Before sunset he arrived at the summit of the mountain, and, seeing the entrance to a cavern, the miller thought it must be the habitation of Mr. Wind; but as the cavern looked deep and gloomy, John Peter did not feel quite in spirits. He summoned up all his courage, however, and entered cautiously, feeling along the ground with his stick. He had scarcely taken five-and-twenty steps before he heard the voices of the little spirits.

"Let us blow upon this stranger," said these voices. "Let us tear off his mantle; let us blow off his hat."

But John Peter held his hat on firmly with one hand, and his woolen plaid with the other. At length he perceived a light, and recognized Mr. Wind, who was seated before a table eating his dinner. Jack-o'-lanterns danced round the table to light it, while other spirits brought dishes and flagons of wine from the bottom of two great holes that served for kitchen and cellar.

"Who goes there?" demanded Mr. Wind.

"It is I," replied the miller. "I am John Peter. Your Excellency deigned to rest yourself at my house about a month ago."

"Well, what do you want with me?"

"I don't know, my lord," replied the miller, stammering.

"Thou idiot!" exclaimed Mr. Wind; "thou comest hither and disturbest me when I am at table, and thou dost not even know thy errand! I see very well that I have given my protection to a simpleton."

"Excuse me," replied John Peter; "respect for you deprives me of the power of speech. Since you first began to favor my mill I have gained ten crowns; this morning my lord Baron sent and took them away from me, under the pretext of a tax. I beseech your Excellency, therefore, to help me, for I have nothing to trust in but your generosity."

Mr. Wind Disturbed at Dinner

"I have no time to occupy myself with thy affairs, nor to give thee advice," said Mr. Wind, in a surly tone. "Try to find out what thou desirest, and let me know in a few words."

"What I desire!" replied the miller; "why, whatever you are pleased to give me, provided that it keeps me from dying of hunger, which is the fate I am threatened with."

"Thou shalt not die of hunger," said Mr. Wind, more gently. "Give this creature here my little silver cask."

A spirit with wings like a bat immediately brought a pretty silver cask, no larger than those in which olives are packed. Another spirit brought a wand, also of silver, which he laid on the table.

"Here, take this cask and this wand," said Mr. Wind, "and when thou art at home, strike the casket with the wand, and thou shalt see what thou shalt see. Now go to the dogs, and leave me to dine in peace."

PART IV. THE SILVER CASK

Night had closed in when John Peter left the cavern of Mr. Wind. He nearly broke his neck among the rocks; his woolen cloak was torn by the bushes, and his feet got wet in a marsh in spite of his hobnailed shoes; but he never quitted hold of either cask or wand. He arrived at his own house at nine o'clock in the evening, and found his wife beginning to get anxious about him.

"What is that?" asked Claudine, as soon as she saw the little cask. "Where have you got this magnificent jewel from? I knew very well that you were keeping a secret of importance from me. You must explain this mystery to me directly. Are there any precious stones in the cask? Even were there nothing in it, the silver alone would be worth at least a hundred pounds, without reckoning the workmanship. A goldsmith would give a large sum for it. Speak then, John Peter; I am dying to know the secret."

The miller then related how he had received a visit from Mr. Wind, and how that supernatural personage had promised him his protection, and had given him the cask and the wand, and had shown him how to use it. John Peter strongly advised his wife not to speak of this event to the gossips of the neighborhood; but, instead of listening to his advice, Claudine began to chatter again.

"You see," said she to him, "how wrong it was of you to conceal this secret from me; I am shrewder than you are, and I should have given you good counsel, and then you would not have stood with your hands before you, looking stupid, as you did when Mr. Wind asked you what you wanted. I should have told you to reply, without the slightest hesitation, 'Give me ten thousand francs'; then you would have returned with ringing crown-pieces, instead of this silver cask, which will cost us some trouble to get rid of."

"Who knows?" replied the miller; "my cask may be worth more than you think. Let us first of all give it a trial."

John Peter placed the little cask upright on the floor, and then, with a trembling hand, struck it with the silver wand. The barrel instantly opened in two parts, like a cupboard. On one side there was a little kitchen, and on the other side a very small pantry. In the kitchen were seen spits about the size of needles, pots like thimbles, and little saucepans and frying-pans, that were enough to make one die with laughing even to look at. A cook, three inches high, with a cotton nightcap hanging over his ear, and two little scullion-boys were seen moving about before the kitchen stove, blowing the fire, turning the spit, and tasting the sauces. They were roasting turkeys about as large as bees, and chickens no bigger than flies; they were also frying fishes thinner than silkworms just hatched, and cutting cabbages which appeared like pins' heads. All this while two men-servants, of the same height as the cook, were arranging the plates and dishes in the pantry. They were wiping little china plates about the size of three-penny-pieces, and glasses which seemed made for Jenny Wren to drink out of. They filled the bottles with two drops of wine, and put two drops of water into the crystal decanters, and dinner was ready in a trice.

The miller and his wife stood amazed, watching these little folks, who were so quick and handy. Their amazement was, however, much greater when they saw the two dwarf men-servants come out of the little cask, jump upon the table, place on it all the smoking dishes, and lay covers for two; then, having arranged the first course in order, and put the bottles and the decanters in their proper places, and afterwards set out the second course and the dessert in a corner of the room, they re-entered their small pantry. The little silver cask shut up at once, and John Peter and Claudine saw nothing more; but, at the same instant, the dishes upon the table became real dishes of the ordinary size; the roasted chickens, real roasted chickens; the fish, fine large fish; the bottles, large bottles filled with delicate wine; and the cover-dishes, fine large ones of good silver. John Peter and his wife found themselves suddenly before an excellent supper, served for two persons, but sufficient for four. They placed themselves at table and ate heartily, for they were hungry. The ragoûts were perfect, and the fowls done to a turn. John Peter drank Mr. Wind's health three times, and, as the wine was heady, the miller went to bed a little muddled; he fell asleep and snored sonorously.

Claudine went to bed also; but she did nothing but turn first on one side and then on the other, and could not go to sleep. She was anxious for morning to come, that she might go and relate the adventure to her neighbor, the milkwoman. This woman opened her eyes wide when she heard the story, and she several times repeated, with a sigh, that Claudine was very happy to be the friend of Mr. Wind and the possessor of the silver cask. As soon as the miller's wife had left her, the milkwoman put her basket on her head and went to carry her butter and cream to the castle. There she did not fail to relate what she had heard to her friend the cook. The cook told the news to the *valet de chambre*, and the valet, while he was assisting his master to dress, informed him what had happened to John Peter. The Baron immediately conceived the design of possessing himself of the little silver cask by force; so he mounted his horse and rode off to the mill.

When the Baron arrived John Peter was but just up, and Claudine had not yet returned home; for, on leaving the milkwoman's, she had run to tell the adventure to the washerwoman, then to her gossip the woodman's wife, and then to her cousin the milkmaid.

"John Peter," said the Baron, "Mr. Wind, who is a friend of mine, told me this morning that he had given thee a little silver cask, in which there was a magical kitchen. Now, what need hast thou of eating roast turkey in such a ruinous cabin as this, in ragged clothes, and with worm-eaten furniture? It would be much better for thee to get thy tumble-down house repaired by the mason and carpenter, and to buy warm clothing and dresses for thy wife, and cupboards, and linen, and armchairs to furnish thy cottage. Sell me, then, thy magical kitchen, and I will give thee ten thousand francs for it. With that sum thou canst build another house, purchase fields, cattle, and horses; and so thou wilt become a rich landowner."

"My lord Baron," replied the miller, "when I have laid out my ten thousand francs I shall have nothing left; while with my little cask I have victuals assured me for all my life."

"What!" returned the lord; "is it nothing to possess a good house and to cultivate fields?"

"That is true," said John Peter; "productive land is worth more than roasted fowls. Besides, my wife scolded me for not asking Mr. Wind for ten thousand francs; and, since you offer me this sum, why, I accept the bargain."

"Well and good," said the Baron; "thy wife is a sensible woman. Here are a thousand francs which I have brought with me; I will pay the rest in a fortnight and will at once make thee a written promise for it. Now, give me thy silver barrel."

The miller gave up the cask, and took the bag containing the thousand francs; and, as he did not know how to read, he accepted his lord's written promise without knowing its contents. After the Baron had gone off with the little silver cask, Claudine was not long in returning home, and John Peter told her what a good bargain he had just made. Immediately she began to utter the most lamentable cries and tear her hair.

"Ah!" said she; "must I, then, have for my husband a man who allows himself to be tricked like a fool? Unhappy am I to have married such a blockhead!"

John Peter went into a dreadful passion. "Capricious woman!" cried he, "did you not reproach me yourself for not having asked Mr. Wind for ten thousand francs, instead of this cask?"

"Great simpleton!" replied his wife; "when I said that, I did not yet know the value of the wonderful little cask. Don't you see that the little dwarfs have left us plates and dishes? Every day they would have given us good silver spoons, which we might have sold to the goldsmith. Why do people wish to have lands and houses and cattle? Is it not that they may have roasted fowls to eat? Since we had these roast fowls, what need was there to run after fields and cattle? The crops might be destroyed by hail, and the cattle might die of murrain; but with the little cask we should have been certain of never wanting anything. The Baron has made a fool of you. He does not know Mr. Wind; he deceived you in saying that he was one of his friends. Perhaps he even will not pay you the other nine thousand francs which he promised to pay in a fortnight."

THE BARON NO LONGER WANTS A COOK

John Peter began now to understand his stupidity; but, instead of owning it, he only became more violent. "Then," said he, "it is by your gossiping that the Baron got to know my secret. You went off this morning to spread the news about."

Claudine, instead of confessing her fault, redoubled her lamentations. She called her husband a fool; John Peter called his wife a jade; and then they quarreled as millers and their wives do; after which they were reconciled; for, in the main, the miller was a good husband, and Claudine a good wife.

PART V. THE GOLDEN CASK

It happened just as Claudine had foreseen. The Baron, having become master of the little magical cask, troubled himself very little about his promises; and when the miller went to the castle and presented his note, he was turned out, and told that he was an insolent fellow for daring to ask his lord for money. So John Peter received but one thousand francs instead of the ten thousand which he had been promised. His regret and sorrow were increased when he was told that the wonderful little barrel supplied splendid dinners every day, in the dining-room of the castle, for as many persons as it pleased the Baron to invite. The Baron no longer wanted a cook and turned away his scullions.

At every entertainment the little dwarfs renewed the table-linen, the plates and dishes, and the silver spoons and forks; and, though very miserly, the Baron often feasted his friends for the sake of getting such valuable leavings; and he soon had so many forks and spoons that he did not know what to do with them. John Peter swore by all that was sacred that never again would he let himself be deceived by the offers of his lord; and Claudine firmly resolved nevermore to confide a secret to her gossiping friends. Unfortunately these wise resolutions did not retrieve past folly. With the thousand francs they had received, the miller and his wife had their cottage repaired a little by the mason and carpenter, and they bought a few household articles; and then, by dint of economy, they lived on the rest during a year. At the end of the year the money was all spent; and John Peter no longer had the heart to work. Claudine, too, being inconsolable, neglected her needle and poultry-yard. The remembrance of the happiness they had lost embittered the lives of the poor people; and they found themselves more miserable and more cast down than ever. At last John Peter decided on paying another visit to Mr. Wind; and, to avoid all blame, he consulted his wife.

"This time," said Claudine, "you must try to reach Mr. Wind's before his dinner-hour. Do not venture to tell him of your past folly, but say that the Baron came and took the silver cask away by force. If he ask what you desire, answer directly that you would like another little cask, or something else just as wonderful."

The miller, having his lesson ready, set out at break of day, with his hobnailed shoes, his stick, and his woolen mantle. As he knew the way he lost no time, and arrived at the cavern at six o'clock in the morning. The sky, however, was covered with red clouds to the very horizon, and a storm was coming on. The spirits of the cavern were all speaking at once. Mr. Wind was calling for his traveling dress, and was getting ready to go out. When he perceived the miller he cried out in a stentorian voice:

"Master John Peter, thou hast the talent of always coming at unseasonable times! In a quarter of an hour I must be in the middle of the ocean, where I have two ships to wreck; so get thee gone instantly, or else I will throw thee down from the top of the mountain into the plain below."

"Oh! my lord," said John Peter, "instead of tormenting those poor vessels that have never done you any harm, listen to me. I am unhappy and persecuted. The Baron came to my house this morning with his men-at-arms, and took away from me by force my little silver cask."

"That cannot be!" exclaimed Mr. Wind. "If anybody had tried to take the little silver barrel by violence, it would have become so large that they would have been unable to get it out of the house, either by the window or by the door. So that thou hast either sold it or given it away willingly. Thou art a knave and a liar, and I do not know what prevents me from breaking thy head!"

John Peter fell down on both his knees. "Forgive me, my lord," said he, whimpering; "if I have lied, it was because my wife told me to do so. I am grieved to the very heart at having incurred your displeasure."

"Well, and what dost thou want of me?"

"I should like another wonderful little cask," said John Peter.

"Let my little golden cask be given to him; but mind, it is my last present. If he ever put his foot into my house again, let his neck be wrung instantly."

The spirits brought a pretty little cask and a wand. John Peter put them both under his arm, and ran off. Scarcely was he out of the cavern when the storm broke out; and he heard Mr. Wind flying over his head with fearful rapidity. The spirits of the tempest accompanied the miller home with bursts of laughter.

"How happy he is!" said they; "how happy he is to possess the little golden cask!"

"Yes, I am happy," replied John Peter. "You may laugh as much as you like; I don't care for you."

Claudine was awaiting her husband's return with the greatest impatience; and when she beheld the little golden cask, she clapped her hands and jumped for joy.

Mr. Wind is Offended

"Here we are," said she, "rich for the rest of our lives. 'Tis not silver services that we shall now have, but forks and spoons of gold. We shall sell them, and with the price we shall be able to buy lands, and houses, and castles. And though the Baron should offer us a hundred thousand crowns, we will not let him have this little golden cask. Make haste, John Peter, make haste, and strike it with the wand, for I have not prepared the dinner; so great was my confidence in the goodness of Mr. Wind."

John Peter put the little barrel down on the floor, and struck it hard with the golden wand. The iron hoop flew off, and the barrel opened; and out came a black smoke, which rose to the ceiling. This smoke took a human form. John Peter and his wife distinguished a head and then a body; but such a head! as large as a pumpkin; with horrible features, and a body like the trunk of an oak. The miller found himself in the presence of a giant of extraordinary strength, armed with a club. As soon as the giant could stand upon his feet, he ran to John Peter, and caught hold of him by the collar of his coat with one hand, while with the other he gave him five-and-twenty blows on the back with his club — such terrible ones, that the poor man roared out most piteously. That done, the giant vanished into smoke again, and re-entered the little cask as he had come out of it.

PART VI. THE END

The miller and his wife were inconsolable. John Peter lay groaning on his bed for an hour; Claudine wept bitterly, and little Peter screamed with all his might. The miller's wife was just putting on her things to go and relate the sad adventure to her neighbor the milkwoman, when the Baron passed by on his return from the chase, accompanied by his grooms and huntsmen; and he entered the cottage to refresh himself.

"Why, what do I see there?" said he; "is that little golden barrel a fresh present from Mr. Wind?"

"Precisely so, my lord," replied the miller. "I am but just returned with my wonderful cask, and do not yet know what it contains."

"Thou must sell it to me, friend," said the Baron.

"No, no, my lord," said John Peter with a crafty look. "It is enough to have sold the little silver cask. I am not going to commit the same folly again."

"If I were, however, to offer thee a larger sum than I did the last time, — twelve thousand francs, for instance?"

"I would not let you have it for fifteen thousand!" answered John Peter.

"Well, then, I'll give thee eighteen thousand for it."

"And I," returned the miller, "will not take less than twenty thousand."

"The sum is enormous," said the Baron; "but as I have a regard for thee I will make the sacrifice. Here, thou shalt have two thousand crowns in ready money, and I will give thee a written promise for the rest."

"No, indeed, my lord; I know too well what happens with your written promises. You shall give me twenty thousand francs ready money in good crown-pieces, or you will never have the little golden cask; for perhaps I am again making a bad bargain."

The Baron was so afraid of losing his opportunity that he sent off a special messenger to the castle, to ask the steward for the twenty thousand francs. In a quarter of an hour twenty sacks full of money were brought. John Peter verified the sum, placed the sacks in order in his cupboard, locked it, and popped the key into his pocket, and then delivered the cask into the hands of the Baron, who set off delighted with his acquisition.

On his return to the castle the Baron shut himself up in his own room, in order to try his wonderful little cask. He struck it with his wand, and directly out came the smoke, taking the form of a giant; and the giant gave the Baron twenty-five blows with his club. The servants of the Baron heard him uttering piercing cries. When they ran in they found their master stretched on the floor; but the giant had already re-entered his dwelling, and nothing remained in the room save a slight smell of smoke. As the Baron's back was not as tough as the miller's, he was confined to his bed for two days with the pain; but he knew better than to boast of the blows he had received, therefore not a word did he say to anybody of his adventure. He even feigned being highly pleased to possess the little golden cask.

In the meantime the miller and his wife employed their twenty thousand francs profitably. They bought fields and meadows; and they pulled down their miserable cabin, and had a beautiful farmhouse built in its place, with barns, cow-sheds, and stables; and a sheepfold besides, where they put a flock of sheep. John Peter had also ploughmen and day-laborers, and a man to attend to the mill. Instead of grinding corn for others, he made flour of the grain which he reaped. Claudine bought herself a silk dress to go to church in on Sundays. As soon as Peter was big enough, he was sent to school to learn to read; and at six years old he knew more than either his father or his mother.

Paul de Musset
From *Mr. Wind and Madam Rain*

Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons

DON'T GIVE UP

If you've tried and have not won,
Never stop for crying;
All that's great and good is done
Just by patient trying.

Though young birds, in flying, fall,
Still their wings grow stronger;
And the next time they can keep
Up a little longer.

Though the sturdy oak has known
Many a blast that bowed her,
She has risen again, and grown
Loftier and prouder.

If by easy work you beat,
Who the more will prize you?
Gaining victory from defeat,
That's the test that tries you!

Phœbe Cary

WORD LIST

THIS list of selected words for study is taken from the lessons which begin on the pages indicated, and is intended to aid the teacher in the word drills which should precede the reading of each lesson. Pupils should know, of course, not only how to spell, but how to use these words in intelligible oral sentences.

PAGE 1

country
templed
prolong
liberty
rapture
author
Pilgrim
mortal
holy
freedom
partake
protect

PAGE 3

acquainted
mantel
indignities
shivered
whispered
exclamations
carried
reception
politely
languidly
vulgar
anxiously
blustering
artistically
frigid
iridescent
creature
chuckled
sensitive
temperature
delicate
mandolin
odious

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arrow
heart
breathed
keen
oak

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forgotten
Mat su ya′ma
E chi′go
Japan
countryside
curious
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ornamented
vision
astonishment
reflection
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sympathy
misfortune
obedient
dutiful
resigned
association

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complaining
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Illinois
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telescope

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Europe
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permitted
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displeased
marred
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listened

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groaning

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barb

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prevented

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followers
oppressing
guest
abbots
saddle

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speedily
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appreciative
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ruefullest

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Ly-san′der
Her′mi-a
De-me′trius
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hospitable
carrots
frightful
creaked
breath
zephyrs

thatched
glorious
singular
gleams
revenged
threads
vegetables
sufficient

tattling
taxes
flagons
secrets
complaints
vassal
cautiously
vexations
perceived

cavern
precious
decanters
repaired
confessing
jewel
protection
amazement
immediately
redoubled
importance
hesitation
roasted
lamentable
mystery
crystal
ordinary
simpleton

magical
inconsolable
persecuted
impatience
scullions
mantle
violence
confidence
retrieve
stentorian
knave
piteously
economy
vessels
liar

eighteen
cupboard
profitably
bargain
acquisition
miserable
opportunity
feigned
special
possess

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